

THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, \$2, a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States, and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra. REMITTANCES should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to *THE DIAL COMPANY*. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired. ADVERTISING RATES furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to

THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 608. OCTOBER 16, 1911. Vol. LI.

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PETER AND THE PRIMROSE.

There is a well-worn story of a genial gentleman who, when mention was made of a lecture on Keats, innocently asked, "What are Keats?" It will do well enough to assume that it was the same person who supposed Botticelli to be a kind of cheese, and who unbared his perplexed soul when he asked a kind friend to explain to him the exact distinction between Hunyadi Janos and Omar Khayyám. It may not even be going too far to attribute to the same inquiring spirit the remark, *apropos* of a reference to Homer's *Odyssey*, "Homer's, I believe, is the best." The condition of mind which these ancient jests serve to illustrate is by no means uncommon, and there is some reason to think that it is being created in more numerous examples than ever before by the educational methods currently in vogue, and by feeding upon the intellectual pabulum provided by the newspapers and other forms of cheap popular literature for most of our present-day readers. What to do about it becomes a more and more serious question to those who are not willing to accept such a counsel of despair as Goethe's "*Es muss doch solche Käuze geben*," and turn an indifferent gaze to the manifestations of mental ineptitude that confront us upon every hand every day of the year. Of one thing there can be no doubt: the complacency of the type of mind which the "howlers" above cited exemplify is as complete as its ignorance is comprehensive. A smug self-satisfaction coupled with a condescending willingness to be informed rather than with an eagerness to learn, is the attitude such exhibits betray. Mr. Frank Moore Colby, commenting upon various instances of *naïve* self-revelation, brings the matter home to us. He professes to be unable to distinguish between the examples that are afforded by actual experience and those that are merely humorous inventions. The difficulty arises, he says, "from careless reading in newspapers, novels, and books of sarcasm about America, without trying to remember which is which. It is, of course, altogether irrational. I know, for example, that Colonel Watterson did not occur in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' but is occurring daily in some Southern State. I know that

Senator Beveridge is not an invention of James Russell Lowell, but, on the contrary, a physiological fact, one of nature's cunning plagiaries." To account for one of these authentic instances, it would be necessary to make an exhaustive study of the man's upbringing and environment, and perhaps to supplement the study by an examination of his ancestral strain. The psychological make-up in which obtuseness and stolidity are commingled with rudimentary imaginative power and a well-nigh total lack of the sense of humor will exhibit surprising reactions; but, whatever form they may assume, they will all illustrate La Bruyère's maxim: "*Tout l'esprit qui est au monde est inutile a celui qui n'en a point.*" And they will all suggest the lamentable case of Peter Bell, who could see in the primrose nothing but a yellow flower—certainly no Rhodora or Genestra, no mountain daisy or lesser celandine.

"To a German we might have compressed all this long description into a single word," says Carlyle, writing of William Taylor's "Historic Survey of German Poetry." "Mr. Taylor is what they call a *Philister*; every fibre of him is Philistine. With us, such men usually take into politics and become Codemakers and Utilitarians." Since Carlyle wrote these words we have naturalized the term—thanks mainly to Matthew Arnold—and have found it useful to have the concept thus verbally crystallized. The persons whom the Germans call *Philistines* and the French *épiciers* are oppressively numerous in our own country. Despite the good things that may fairly be said about them, and regardless of Leslie Stephen's malicious suggestion that the name is "applied by prigs to the rest of their species," our *Philistines* make a most distressful braying in the market-place, and the plea of the spirit is not easily to be heard amidst the din. They muddle everything they touch—politics, education, art, ethics, religion,—reducing to hard material terms the most elusive problems of life. Themselves inaccessible to ideas, they create an atmosphere which stifles all the finer instincts and aspirations, and makes the idealist feel "that the sky over his head is of brass and iron." They even construct counterfeit idealisms of their own—in politics, socialism; in education, vocational training; in art, realism; in ethics, hedonism; in religion, ceremonial and dogma,—all of the earth, earthy, and all pitifully inadequate to feed the soul intent upon free individual growth, eager to invest itself with beauty, athirst for truth and righteous-

ness, holding blessedness to be a higher aim than happiness in its determination of the conduct of life.

Thus, by a somewhat devious path, we come to what is after all a very simple proposition—that the equipment of the mind is the only thing that really matters in a man's relations to this complicated and many-colored world. "The mere lapse of years is not life," says Martineau. "To eat, to drink, and to sleep,—to be exposed to darkness and the light,—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade,—this is not life; knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence." But all these elements of life in the richer sense are the reactions of the thinking subject to the impressions made by the external world. The mind is no passive recipient, but a source of creative energy; and its own contribution is what gives value and significance to every such reaction. It is one of the oldest of commonplaces to say that what a man brings to the contemplation of nature and art is the measure of what he gains. The young Parsifal, stolid and unresponsive, beholds unmoved the sufferings of the King and the unveiling of the sacred vessel. The older Parsifal, enriched by experience and enlightened by divine sympathy, redeems the brotherhood from its curse, and is fit to assume the functions of priest and king. In this allegory we touch the heart of life, and drink refreshment from its deepest and most hidden springs.

Fundamental in importance among the influences which have caused the tribe of Peter to multiply in such numbers among us, and have made the myopic Petrine vision almost the normal type of our modern seeing, is the wanton and lamentable neglect of the great literary sources of imaginative power and ethical inspiration. We batten upon moors when we might feed upon the fairest of mountain pastures. We no longer lift up our eyes unto the distant hills whence cometh strength, but fix them upon the lowlands close at hand, fat with their material harvests. We do not purge the visual nerve with the euphrasy of noble poetry, but narcotize its sensitive fibres with amorphous prose. When we might be adding to our spiritual stature by communion with the great souls who beckon to us from the pages of literature, we accept instead the stunted development that comes from fixing our attention upon the miserable writings of the day, deriving from them the dull satisfaction that means no more than exemption from

the need of mental effort and from the annoyance of growing pains.

Most fatal of all the shortcomings of the type of mind which so distressingly asserts itself in this new century is its ignorance of the Bible and of the ancient classics. From every school and college in the country the cry goes out that young people show no signs of familiarity with these foundations of cultural education, and that in consequence a large part of modern literature is to them a sealed book. What are euphemistically called educational advantages do not nowadays seem to include the advantage of the preparation without which no student is fit to enter into his rightful inheritance of English letters. Where shall we fix the responsibility for the purblind outlook of so many who pass for educated men? It would be unjust to charge it all to the account of the colleges. They do about the best they can with the plastic material placed in their hands for moulding, and should rest under no severer indictment than that of fostering a confused sense of values, and conducting an educational process in which there are far too many loose ends. The lower schools come in for some share of the censure, and the parents for some further share. But the evil must in large measure be ascribed to the general conditions of American life, to the ideals which are in the air, to the prevailing incentive of commercialism, and to the countless influences that encourage the frivolous dispositions of the young, and discourage the development of their serious aptitudes. Against the pressure of the spiritually enervating environment to which our youth is almost everywhere exposed, it is little more than a futile resistance that may be offered by school and college.

That a spring can rise no higher than its source, is unquestionable as a proposition of hydrodynamics; but if we were to accept it as a principle of education, we should indeed be yielding to a counsel of despair. Is the new generation to do no better than the old, and is its growth to be cribbed, cabined, and confined by the conditions that have stunted its predecessor? If the lesson of failure were to be read as meaning the inevitability of new failure, there would be small hope for the future of mankind. But as the individual may rise on stepping-stones of its dead self to higher things, so the new generation may profit by the mistakes of the old, and attain to a clearer vision. Dulness of mind in the adult may be the expression of native defect, but it is more likely to be the consequence of neglecting opportunities that

were offered by the impressionable years of childhood. How easily a child's feet may be led into the pleasant paths of literature, and his eager mind stored with images and emotions that will remain fresh for the rest of his life! And with what perverse exercise of pedantic ingenuity do we create in him a sullen hatred for literature, sealing forever its copious springs of joy! Says the author of "*Sartor Resartus*":

"How can an inanimate mechanical gerund-grinder, the like of whom will, in a subsequent country, be manufactured at Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything, much more of Mind, which grows not like a vegetable (by having its roots littered with etymological compost), but like a spirit by mysterious contact of spirit; thought kindling itself at the fire of living thought? How shall he give kindling in whose inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder?"

In the deepest sense, "this very real world of ours, with all its suns and milky ways," exists only in the subject mind which beholds it, for such is the ultimate teaching of philosophy. It is a world created under the forms of time and space and causation, and emerges from the void into seeming reality only when the subject mind imposes these forms upon whatever may be its objective counterpart. But without dwelling upon this metaphysical abstraction, it may be said that superimposed upon this formal structure—this causally ordered world of extension and sequence—there is for each individual the world of his own special making. Whatever richness of content this world of the individual may have, whatever wealth of intellectual and emotional meaning it may possess for him, is the function of his own mental equipment. It is the subjective factor in this dual relation out of which his world is shaped that determines how much of a world it shall be. It is a world simple or complex, dull or glowing, meaningless or purposeful, in accordance with what he contributes to its fashioning. Peter's world and the world of Plato and Shakespeare have the same foundations, but how immense their difference in superstructure! They offer the contrast between dull monotony of surface and richly-figured design, between flat low-lying roofs and soaring spires. And if such a thing as freedom of choice there be, the individual must find its noblest exercise in seeking to make spacious his spiritual habitation, harmonious in its proportioning, lovely in its adornment, and far-seeing in its outlook. This is the fundamental obligation of all self-discipline, and should be the controlling purpose of every educational system.

TWO KINDS OF READERS.

The stream of the season's new books is now almost at flood, a swollen torrent fed by innumerable tributaries; and again the recurrent question arises, How does so much reading-matter ever contrive to get itself read?

The readers of all these new books, like readers in general, may be roughly divided into two obvious classes—readers for pleasure and readers for profit, or light-minded readers and serious-minded readers; with all degrees of inter-shading and inter-mingling, as in nearly every scheme of classification in nature. Not novels alone attract the pleasure-seeking reader, nor does the purposeful student invariably scorn the delights of fiction and live his laborious days in a rarefied atmosphere of pure science. A serious-minded person's plan of self-culture may include a daily stint of current fiction, just as a thoughtless and fun-loving person's appetite may spontaneously crave an occasional dose of history or biography, of travels or essays, or even of philosophy or religion. What distinguishes the one class from the other is not so much the choice of books as the consciousness of such choice. Those who live to read, who make a serious business of reading and every little while dig up the soil of their minds to see whether the literary seed there sown has begun to sprout, stand in a class apart from those who read to live more abundantly and zestfully, and who, it may be, cannot to-day recall title or author of the book they laughed and cried over yesterday. Every reader knows, or thinks he knows, to which of these two classes he belongs, and feels a certain superiority, acknowledged or unacknowledged, over those of the other class. Nevertheless there are undoubtedly some who, admitting themselves to be frivolous readers, wish that they had the strength of mind to become serious readers; and others there are who, sadly confessing that their days of careless, irresponsible, ecstatic reading are over, unavailingly long to recapture the charm that poetry and romance and history and adventure once had for them.

Spontaneous readers (if one may so name those who read to live, as opposed to self-conscious readers, or those who live to read) never read by the clock, never assign themselves so many pages or chapters a day, never have to use a bookmark—or, when this gets misplaced, feel compelled to go back again and read from the beginning, as did the plodding pedant who got as far as Z in the encyclo-pedia and then had to turn back to A because he had lost his place. But the systematic reader never gets caught in this fashion. The perpetual consciousness of a purpose in all one's reading precludes the possibility of rapture. Time and space and all things terrestrial do not easily cease to exist for him who reads (as we have done, to our sorrow, long ago, in the foolishness of youth) all of Homer in daily portions of so many lines, and the entire Bible in course, a chapter a day. Subsequent hap-hazard readings in both Homer and the Bible have,

with us, proved far more productive of oblivion to the carking cares of life. Perhaps those self-imposed daily readings were not, after all, quite void of benefit to the reader; youth, with mind comparatively unfurnished and elective affinities undeveloped, might in many instances be slow to get beyond its first story-books without the spur of a conscious purpose.

To read a book in order to be able truthfully to say that one has read it, or to read copiously in order to astonish and awe others with a catalogue of one's achievements of this sort, is a very familiar form of serious reading. Most persons are at some time in their lives guilty of this weakness, and not a few never wholly cure themselves of it. There comes to mind a lady of our acquaintance who, with an abounding zeal for self-culture, passed a studious semester at Göttingen, where she wearied her friends with constant enumeration of the books and authors she had mastered, or thought she had mastered. *Ich habe gelesen*—this and that and the other, became the burden of her conversation, until she acquired for herself the nickname of *Ich habe gelesen*. And what did it all amount to, except that she turned into a sort of walking catalogue of the German classics?

The libraries of such persons as this estimable but unstimulating lady are likely to reflect their attitude toward books. Posing as persons of culture, they fill their shelves with all the books no gentleman's library should be without, and have little intimate acquaintance with or fondness for what the books contain. A friend of ours whose vocation leaves him little time for reading was recently displaying his fine sets of English authors, purchased one after another in richly bound editions, when we chanced to inquire whether he enjoyed Smollett, whose complete works in sumptuous dress presented an imposing platoon on their shelf. The reply, prompt and unconcerned, indicated that he had no acquaintance whatever with the voluminous Tobias, and apparently had no intention of cultivating one.

How different from this was book-loving Charles Lamb's way of acquiring a library! Every volume had its birth in his mind and desire before it took material form on his shelves. An old author, hungrily devoured with his eyes in the window of some second-hand bookshop, or perhaps all but read through in snatches as he daily passed a favorite bookstall, would become, in process of time and when the purchase money could be spared, the prized possession of the East India House clerk, who, with his sister perhaps to share his joy and pride, would triumphantly bear the coveted treasure home and there revel at leisure in its delights. In somewhat the same gradual and characteristic fashion did Edward FitzGerald get together the modest collection of books whose disorderly array and hard usage testified to his visitors how much more he cared about reading his favorites than about displaying them as a part of the furniture of his house. The ruthless plucking-out of such portions

of his books as displeased him added no little to their disreputable appearance; but what cared he for that? Even Southey, literary hack though he was forced to become, had probably read and enjoyed every volume in his book-packed hermitage at Keswick. Though his copious reading must have usually had an end in view, he would doubtless have read about as much for the mere love of reading had he been able to afford himself that luxury.

Unhappy is the lot of those whose literary inclinations tend in one direction, and whose real or supposed duty points them to other fields of study or reading. The bishop whose surreptitiously enjoyed novel must be hurriedly thrust into a drawer when a knock sounds on his study door, and his countenance composed to the seriousness of the early Christian father open on the desk before him, is living a divided life and in peril of most unepiscopal discomfiture. Better for him to thrust his early Christian father into the drawer, if his theological studies are a mere pretense, and fearlessly and openly to continue the reading of his fascinating novel, exclaiming with Crabbe (in "The Library," was it not?)—

"Go on! and while the sons of care complain,
Be wisely gay and innocently vain;
While serious souls are by their fears undone,
Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun."

The reader, like everyone else who desires peace of mind, must follow Matthew Arnold's advice and resolve to be himself, knowing that "he who finds himself loses his misery."

It has been said that some read to think, some read to write, and some read to talk; but whatsoever the purpose—the building up of mental tissue, the making of other books, or the exhibition of intellectual brilliance—it may often occur that he who comes to his reading with a purpose remains to read for pleasure, while he who reads at first merely to pass the time may find himself suddenly seized with an interest in some field of study casually suggested by the book of entertainment before him. Not seldom, too, does he who reads with no professed object but the enjoyment of reading acquire in the end more real culture, more uplifting of the spirit and refining of the taste, than he who starts out with this praiseworthy end in view.

Thus, between the purposeful and the purposeless, the readers for pleasure and the readers for profit, the serious and systematic students and the carelessly joyous book-tasters, it ultimately comes about in this best of all possible worlds (or best of all actual worlds that we are acquainted with) that the enormous yearly product of our printing-presses contrives, for the most part, to get itself read, somehow and somewhere. Or even if a part of it gets no further than the library bookshelves, and not into any actual reader's hands, that is still something, since the always possible future reader may at any moment become actual, and it is for the possible as well as for the actual reader that librarians feel themselves bound to provide. There is more joy in a library over one applicant for Charles Lutwidge

Dodgson's "Curiosa Mathematica" than over ninety and nine clamorers for Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland."

THE LOSS OF A GREAT TEACHER.

Dr. John Bascom, full of years and honors, beloved in the college he had so long and faithfully served, and in the town whose welfare he had for decades helped to promote, admired for his breadth and depth of learning and for the range of his literary activities, and especially esteemed by DIAL readers for his scholarly contributions extending over a quarter of a century, died on the second of this month, at his home in Williamstown, Mass., at the age of eighty-four. With the exception of his fourteen years' presidency of the Wisconsin State University, Dr. Bascom's services as educator were given to the New England college where he received his own education. Some incipient training for the bar and afterward for the pulpit followed his graduation from Williams in 1849; but from 1855 to 1902 (excepting the Wisconsin presidency) he taught at Williams—rhetoric, sociology, political economy, and, most important of all, character and manhood and civic virtue. Two qualities especially impressed those whose good fortune it was to know Dr. Bascom: his indomitable courage in matters of principle and personal conviction, and the courtly formality—the gentleman-of-the-old-school manner—that marked his bearing. His books, too numerous to admit of a full list of their titles here, were the ripened fruit of his years of teaching, and dealt chiefly with philosophical, ethical, economic, and religious subjects. A characteristic minor activity of this variously gifted man was his effective work as chairman of the Greylock State Reservation commission. Professor emeritus since 1902, he had leisure and strength to continue almost to the end his services to literature and to his community. Both the smaller world that knew him intimately and the larger one that knew him only by his writings will feel his loss. To THE DIAL the loss is very great. He was a ready and forcible writer, and his wide range of knowledge, his broad outlook, his sweet and charitable temper, his high ideals and his moral integrity, together with his soundness of judgment and clearness of mental vision, gave his contributions a quality that made them always welcome and which will now be sadly missed. His last published article—"The Case of Mary Wollstonecraft"—appeared in THE DIAL of August 1; and at the time of his death he was engaged in preparing for its columns a review of Taussig's "Principles of Economics," a work that powerfully appealed to him, and aroused an interest indicative of a vigor of mind and a hold upon vital principles and problems rarely possessed at an age when most men have left them far behind, if indeed they ever cared for them in the sense in which this fine patriot and scholar made them the chief concern of his long and unselfish life.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE PERILS AND PROBLEMS OF THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS are seldom thought of by the average reader. Indeed, he does not even suspect their existence, but assumes that the manufacture of books is much like the manufacture of a thousand other sorts of goods, only — getting his impressions from the fabulous or fabricated reports of "best sellers" — a great deal more profitable. The truth of the matter, however, is something very different. "The Worst Business in the World" is what one publisher, Mr. R. S. Yard, calls it, in a recent article. But this worst business plainly appears in the end to be, to the born publisher, the best business in the world. Its compensations, however, are not always to be expressed in pecuniary terms; indeed, it may be said that no one, with such standards alone, can ever win name and fame as a publisher. It is encouraging to note that Mr. Yard finds that present tendencies in the publishing business are in the direction of sounder and more conservative methods. The craze of indiscriminate advertising of ten years ago — when "best-sellers," regardless of quality, were the rage in the publishing world, and it was fondly imagined that books needed only to be advertised like soap or breakfast food to become fortune-winners for all concerned — is fortunately giving place to saner views; and a more discreet exploitation of his wares by judicious and unsensational methods has become the rule with the discerning and successful publisher. It is not the precarious popular novels that support the publishing houses, but rather the less spectacular and more permanent book whose sales will continue long after the sky-rocketing sensation of the day has been forgotten. There is excitement enough and fascination enough in conducting a publishing business by sane and conservative methods without courting disaster in trying to achieve the impossible by reckless management and crazy forms of exploitation.

DR. JOHNSON ON GOLF, or what he might have said on that favorite pastime of the despised Scot, may be read in an alleged Boswellian fragment accidentally omitted from the "Tour to the Hebrides." The perpetrator of the amusing hoax we suspect to be the fabricator of that still more amusing forgery, "The Old Librarian's Almanac." Johnson's elephantine manner is well imitated, but the clever writer out-Johnsons Johnson to such a degree as to betray the deception — as may be illustrated by a few extracts. "Sir," exclaims the tourist to the Hebrides to his companion, "it is a lamentable reflection that any sentient being, presumably possessing a soul and having some rudiments of intelligence, should discover a fascination in propelling a spherical bundle of feathers with a bent stick into a succession of terranean orifices. . . . For assuming that any object whatever is to be gained by depositing the ball successively in a number of such orifices, that object would be most rapidly and

effectively achieved by carrying it in the hand from orifice to orifice, rather than by propelling it laboriously — and often, I understand, erratically — with an egregious instrument ridiculously ill-suited to the purpose." On being assured by Boswell that "it is the difficulty of the method that constitutes its charm," Johnson replies: "Sir, if I should choose to shave myself with an oyster-shell instead of a razor, there would be no harm in it; but it would be none the less the height of imbecility." This ingeniously-conceived dialogue is followed by the laughable but incredible conversion of the doughty objector through actual experience of the game, whose charm even he fails to withstand.

INDEX-MAKING AS A FIELD FOR PRISON LABOR is a somewhat startling suggestion, especially when appearing in a publication for and by librarians. In the substantial and well-prepared Report of the Proceedings of the Conference of American Librarians, held last May at Pasadena, Cal., we find the surprising statement (page 234) that "Dr. W. F. Poole is quoted as saying that 'indexing is a task that is only fit for prison convicts.'" If Dr. Poole has ever been quoted as authority for such a saying, let him be quoted no more. Of all men in America, he was precisely the least likely to utter such a sentiment. A man who spent many years in the honorable and difficult work of indexing, and whose great Index to Periodical Literature perpetuates his name and remains the chief monument of his active and useful life, would hardly speak of the task of index-making in terms of contemptuous disparagement. The queer saying for which he is made responsible is easily traceable to something he once wrote for *THE DIAL*, in which, in his playfully sarcastic way, he spoke of the belief of the uninitiated that "anyone can do indexing," the qualifications therefor being supposed to be about one degree above those of a day laborer, and suggested that such work might, in the interest of economy, be farmed out among contractors for prison labor. No one knew better than Dr. Poole that good indexing requires rare qualities of scholarship, intelligence, and aptitude; and that a really good index is as rare as it is refreshing to those who know the difference between good and bad.

LINCOLNIANA CURIOSA, to the number of twelve hundred and thirty-seven items, engaged the attention of bidders at the auction rooms of Messrs. C. F. Libbie & Co. at the end of last month. A few titles and prices will indicate the undiminished interest of collectors in every literary memento of our second-greatest national hero. The rare but not yet very old first edition of "Herndon's Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life" (Chicago, 1889) brought forty-six dollars and fifty cents. A curious anonymous publication entitled "Lincoln's Assassination Traced Directly to the Doors of Rome" went at twenty-six dollars. Two lines of Lincoln's writing in response to a request for his autograph were considered worth fifteen dollars by the successful

bidder. Even so late and so slight a work as Mr. Frederick H. Meserve's privately printed account of "The Photographs of Abraham Lincoln," issued early this year at thirty-five dollars, commanded fifty upon this its first appearance in the auction mart; and the Lincoln Day proclamation of Governor Draper of Massachusetts (1905), in printer's proof, sent emulous bidders up to fourteen dollars, the price paid for the far more valuable manuscript of R. H. Stoddard's poem on Lincoln's death. For a facsimile of certain papers from Lincoln's pen, written when he was attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad, ten dollars and a half was paid. Evidently Lincoln relics are not yet likely to become a drug in the market.

THE CLEAN PRINTING OF CLEAN LITERATURE, rather than the untidy or disease-spreading manufacture of literature of any kind, cannot but be regarded as a desideratum by every intelligent reader. The International Typographical Union, an organization of about sixty thousand members of the printing craft, is making a determined effort to secure hygienic conditions in every printing house where its members are found. Against tuberculosis especially are its beneficent energies directed, as is already known to many from the excellent work carried on by the Union at the Printers' Home which it has established at Colorado Springs. This institution, dedicated in 1892, now occupies buildings and grounds valued at one million dollars, and about the same amount has been spent in its maintenance. An illustrated booklet issued by the Union describes the Home and its work in such terms as almost to make one wish one were a veteran compositor and thus eligible to admission to the beautiful asylum. No enterprise of any other trade-union with which we are acquainted compares with this anti-tuberculosis crusade in magnitude and beneficence. The official publication of the Union, "The Typographical Journal," which reaches every one of its members, gives valuable aid to the movement; and requests for information, addressed to the Indianapolis headquarters of the organization, will receive courteous attention.

THE PUZZLING PARTICIPLE FORM OF THE ENGLISH VERB—the form ending in *-ing* and serving sometimes as a present participle, sometimes as an adjective, sometimes as a gerund or "infinitive in *-ing*" as it is also called, and sometimes as a preposition—receives full treatment in the October "Bulletin of the University of South Carolina." Professor Reed Smith, of the English department of that university, is the author of the treatise, which he entitles "Participle and Infinitive in *-ing*." The etymology of this interesting and variously serviceable suffix is briefly traced from the Anglo-Saxon endings *-ung*, *-ende*, and *-anne* or *-enne*, down through their successive modifications and final unanimous adoption of the form familiar to us. The variety of uses served by the ending will not have occurred to most persons before being confronted

with such a list of examples as Mr. Smith has drawn up, a few of which may here be profitably cited. "Running to the door, he opened it quickly." "Running water is pure." "Running a horse uphill is cruel." "The rapid running of the train made him dizzy." "I go a-fishing." "Pending your arrival, decision has been delayed." "The land of the living." "There's nothing doing." "The house is building." "The bread is being baked." "Forty and six years was this temple in building." "Owing to his sickness, the visit was postponed." The two general classes into which *-ing* forms may be divided are those of verb-adjectives and verb-nouns, or participles and infinitives (or gerunds). It is to be noted with approval that the author withholds his sanction from the use, more common in England than in this country, of such constructions as "me seeing" for "my seeing," and "John shouting" for "John's shouting." The pamphlet runs to forty-three pages, all packed with examples and remarks of interest both to the professional grammarian and to the average person who wishes to handle with dexterity and precision this marvellous tool of human speech.

THE DEATH OF THE ORIGINAL OF "SHERLOCK HOLMES," on the fourth of October, at his home near Edinburgh, reminds the readers of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that it is not far from a score of years since Dr. Joseph Bell, an instructor of the novelist in his formative period, unwittingly gave him the germinal idea whence grew the famous detective stories which made the young writer's reputation. Dr. Bell was born in 1837, and early showed such skill in the application of inductive methods to the practice of his profession that long before the creation of Sherlock Holmes, he was chosen as assistant to Dr. Littlewood, official adviser to the British crown in cases of medical jurisprudence. It was his application of the same methods in a half-playful vein to the affairs of every-day life that caught the attention and stimulated the imagination of young Doyle, although Dr. Bell himself is said to have deprecated the notoriety thus thrust upon him as the alleged model of Holmes, and to have maintained that his use of the observing faculty was no more than could be learned from any good manual of general medical practice. Of course it was also possible for the novelist to get from Voltaire's "Zadig," or even from earlier sources, the suggestion of his acutely-observant detective; but it was undoubtedly from the later exponent of the "method of Zadig" that he derived his inspiration.

ILLUSTRATIONS WHICH DO NOT ILLUSTRATE, such as too often mar one's enjoyment of a good story or novel, were made the subject of a rather unusual but extremely effective protest in an instance cited by the public librarian of Worcester, Mass. "Rotten pictures and they spoiled the whole story, so I took them all out," was found pencilled in a firm

hand over the "list of illustrations" in the library copy of a certain popular novel. Examination showed that all the thirteen plates had indeed been neatly removed—for the benefit of subsequent readers. The abstraction of book-illustrations from public library volumes is no new thing, but seldom is it undertaken from so altruistic a motive. Fortunately for novel-readers, the graphic delineation of the emotions of hero and heroine is far less often attempted now than formerly; and even some novels that are provided with pictures upon their first publication in serial form are later relieved of the encumbrance when issued as books. The truth is that readers like to imagine for themselves the personal appearance of the characters in a story, and the obtrusion of pretended portraits of them often produces disillusionment and disappointment, if not disgust.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF A POPULAR NOVEL is a matter of curious interest. The publishers of "Qued," a novel which reached an issue of fifty thousand almost at a bound, and is climbing rapidly toward the hundred-thousand mark, have put out an interesting statement of "How the first 50,000 'Qued' were distributed among the different cities." It is to be noted that London took five thousand copies, Boston six thousand seven hundred, New York not far from twenty thousand, and other places proportionately to their population, with some noteworthy exceptions. For example, Toronto disposed of one thousand copies, whereas Baltimore, of more than twice its size, and next door to the author's own State, contented itself with four hundred and thirty. Richmond, where Mr. Harrison lives and where he wrote the book, called for only five hundred and thirty copies—perhaps, however, a greater mark of honor than most prophets receive in their own country. A similar statement of geographical distribution is to be made when the sales of "Qued" have actually reached a hundred thousand copies.

CENSORIAL FUNCTIONS OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES, in respect to the admission or exclusion of current fiction of doubtful morality, have again been made a subject for discussion in a convention of librarians—this time at Perth, Scotland, where the British Library Association lately held its annual session. The head of the Manchester Public Library is reported as expressing himself in favor of this exercise of censorship, but others maintained that no single person or institution had any right to compile an index expurgatorius for the general public. One speaker advocated the extreme measure of barring all works of fiction until a considerable lapse of time had determined their status. But what should be the length of this probationary period? and by what visible or invisible marks could the worthy be then distinguished from the unworthy novels? As is inevitable in every debate on this vexed question, there was much beating of the air on the part of the disputants at Perth.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ORIGIN OF "A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The reviewer of Mr. Charles Warren's "History of the American Bar," in THE DIAL of Sept. 16, says:

"It rather amusingly shows that as early as 1710, long before the 'Philadelphia lawyer' had become a proverb for unscrupulous shrewdness, the professional pleader was often looked upon askance by his worthy neighbors."

This conveys an entire misconception of the term "a Philadelphia lawyer." The biography of John Dickinson, author of the famous "Letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer," by Charles J. Stillé, at one time Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, makes plain that the high standing of the Philadelphia lawyer of the Colonial period was due to the fact that the standards of the Philadelphia bar were established and maintained by the large number of Philadelphia lawyers who studied at the London Inns of Court. From that early period until a very recent time, the lawyer in Philadelphia was the leader of public opinion in matters social and political. As Dr. Stillé pointed out, the leadership exercised by the minister in New England fell naturally to the lawyer in Philadelphia, and he held it until the recent enormous extension of industrial fortunes. The term "Philadelphia lawyer," instead of being a term of reproach as your reviewer indicates, was one that conveyed an appreciation of the leadership of the Philadelphia bar expressed even at this late day by the query, "Who is the greatest lawyer in New York?" and the answer, "John G. Johnson of Philadelphia."

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.

Philadelphia, October 6, 1911.

DR. JOHN BASCOM—A TRIBUTE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the person of John Bascom, who died October 2, Williams College lost one of its most eminent graduates and beloved teachers, the University of Wisconsin an ex-president to whom it owes much of its wonderful growth, and the public a useful citizen and patriot. In his eighty-fifth year, Dr. Bascom kept the heart and the courage of a youth, and with the youth of three generations he kept constantly in touch, so that those who knew him only as the "grand old doctor" on the shadowy side of the valley were as much his friends as were his college chums in the forties. Professor Bascom was graduated from Williams in 1849, and from that time till 1874 he served his alma mater as professor of rhetoric, accepting in that year the presidency of the University of Wisconsin. "The guiding spirit of my time," says Senator LaFollette, "and the man to whom the University of Wisconsin owes a debt greater than it can ever pay, was its president, John Bascom. I never saw Ralph Waldo Emerson, but I should say that John Bascom was a man of much his type, both in appearance and in character. . . . It was his teaching, iterated and reiterated, of the obligation of both the university and the students, that may be said to have originated the Wisconsin idea in education. He was forever telling us what the state was doing for us, and urging our return obligation not to use our education wholly for our own selfish benefit, but to return some service to the state. That teaching animated and inspired hundreds of students who sat under John Bascom."

Not only at Wisconsin, but at Williams, did Dr. Bascom's earnest teaching point out to many a man his civic duty; for in 1887 he returned to his alma mater, and taught actively till 1903, when he became professor emeritus. In many ways and in many fields his influence was powerful in moulding public opinion, notably, in his latter years, by a score of books on various phases of aesthetics, political economy, philosophy, and religion. He held honorary degrees from Williams, Amherst, Iowa, and Wisconsin.

Notwithstanding his scholarly activities, Dr. Bascom was never a recluse. When well past eighty, his figure was a familiar sight as he walked the beloved roads of the beautiful college town—in which life was better worth the living for him for his interest and energy in the community life. Seldom do the students doff their hats nowadays to professors, but they stood bare-headed in admiration and veneration as he rode by on horseback. Williams, as the mother of many who have attained eminence, must place the name of John Bascom close beside that of Mark Hopkins.

JULIAN PARK.

Buffalo, N. Y., October 5, 1911.

OCCULTISM AND PRACTICAL LIFE

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In a recent book entitled "She Buildeth Her House," the author, Mr. Will Lexington Comfort, voices a powerful warning against two evils that have arisen in our social system, both of which menace our country's welfare. Both of these evils hinge somewhat upon the word "occultism"; and in order to appreciate them at their full value one must first consider the meaning of the word.

"Occultism," according to the dictionary, means "the investigation of any mysterious things, especially those that are supernatural." Another definition states that occultism is "the real science of things now unknown to uninitiated humanity." Hence it is that while the majority of mankind are quite unaware of the nature of occult knowledge, the fact that such a body of knowledge exists is evidenced by the frequent efforts of unprincipled people to foist upon the public certain valueless information under the guise of occult truths. In every domain of thought the appearance of the false presupposes the existence of the true. One who possesses true occult knowledge will not divulge it for the purpose of receiving monetary consideration; in other words, when a man is fitted by the stage of his evolution to be entrusted with occult secrets, they are imparted to him "without money and without price," and he is pledged not to reveal them.

Notwithstanding this, it is painfully true that a vain and credulous audience awaits any foreign psychical mountebank who comes to our shores—driven from his own country, in many instances, by his outrageous moral conduct. Women who were once comely, and with increasing age have lost that claim to the attention of others, flock around a man of this sort, and feed their vanity on his assurance that they are spiritually far in advance of their neighbors. He filches their pockets, makes them dissatisfied with their lives, and sustains their assumption of condescending superiority, which is especially unbearable since it is always in evidence in those who have least claim to true spiritual advancement.

Nor is this the greatest of his offenses. To young

women whose physical attractions appeal to his inborn and dominating sensuality, he presents another phase. These are women usually of a devotional temperament, and the credulity of youth leads them to think they can learn the way of righteousness from him. He deliberately plays upon their highest and loftiest emotions; he represents himself as their Guru, or Teacher, the link between them and the beloved Master; by slow gradations and diabolical patience he brings them to a point where they believe they must sacrifice their virtue in order to advance further spiritually. Mr. Comfort does not exaggerate when he depicts a man of this type as presenting to an innocent young girl the idea of becoming the mother of the coming Christ; he merely shows himself conversant with the news of the day.

The men of our country should take this matter in hand. They should refuse to allow a man of this stamp to speak in their parlors, and should make it impossible for him to rent a room in which he advertises to teach (for financial compensation) "the higher truths of the spiritual life," "the secret of eternal life," or anything occult, impossible, and invariably fraudulent, as we have endeavored to show. And they should not permit their wives or daughters to contribute to the support of such a character, or to come under his influence in any way.

The second and more prevalent evil of which Mr. Comfort speaks is the inharmony existing in the marriage relation which is constantly illustrated in the busy divorce courts of our country. And for the reason of this we must look to the occult or hidden side of man. The development of the Ego—which is encouraged more here than in any other country by reason of our democracy—is the cause of much inharmony in the early stages of evolution. Inharmony arising from the insistent assertion of one's personality, to the entire exclusion of the rights of others, is almost a certain indication that a man is not far advanced in the path of spiritual development. One cannot afford to be arbitrary in a matter of well-nigh national interest, but it seems safe to say that, generally speaking, a divorce usually separates two unevolved persons. And the careful statistician may sometime be able to prove that a man of genius who stoops to avail himself of the divorce court as a means of freedom from the marital tie has usually achieved his greatest work before this occurs, and that all he does thereafter is nothing but an imitation of the excellent work done before. Decadence, either ethically or intellectually, or both, not infrequently follows upon divorce in the case of one or both parties.

Observation discloses the fact that children born into inharmonious homes start life with a terrible handicap. The statistics of reform schools show that seventy-four per cent of the inmates of such institutions come from unhappy and inharmonious homes; and the personal experience of teachers and of the guards and wardens of our penal institutions show that about ninety per cent of the inmates of reform schools later in life serve one or more terms in the penitentiary; for reform schools, as they are now conducted, do not and cannot reform. A little less anxiety over the "race suicide" question, and more attention to furnishing favorable surroundings for the child during the formative years of his life, will manifest definite results in producing children without criminal tendencies as well as children able to control their emotions as they come to years of maturity.

CLARA HENDERSON.

Chicago, October 12, 1911.

The New Books.

A GREAT AMERICAN STORY-WRITER.*

The nine years since Bret Harte's death have produced several more or less hasty or incomplete accounts of his life and work, such as Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton's highly readable biography of his friend, which appeared the year after his death, and Mr. Henry W. Boynton's fine appreciation of his genius, in the "Contemporary Men of Letters" series; but it has been reserved for Mr. Henry Childs Merwin, whose biographies of Burr and Jefferson attest his ability to perform the task, to make a thorough study of Bret Harte's antecedents, early education or lack thereof, juvenile escapades, adolescent strivings, various wanderings, and final achievement of assured success in his own peculiar department of literature. The results of this careful research, set forth in a compactly-printed octavo of three hundred and sixty-two pages, embellished with appropriate illustrations and provided with a sufficiency of explanatory footnotes, form a work of unusual attractiveness and of permanent value.

Even that necessary evil of biography, a preliminary genealogical chapter, becomes in Mr. Merwin's hands a blessing to the reader interested in tracing to their sources those traits of character that made Bret Harte the fascinating and gifted man we know him to have been. On both sides he came of ancestors endowed with distinctive qualities. The strain of Hebrew blood, which Lowell never wearied of insisting was to be found in all great men, came to Bret Harte through his paternal grandfather, Bernard Hart (the final *e* dates back only to the novelist's father's last year of life), who was born in London, but came to Canada as a boy of thirteen to seek his fortune. He did not lack for kinsfolk in the new country, the Harts appearing to be both a prolific and an adventurous race. One of Bernard Hart's cousins, we are informed, left behind him at his death no fewer than fourteen families of his own propagating, "all established in the world with a good degree of comfort, and with a sufficient degree of respectability." The Bret, or more properly Brett, addition to the Hart stock came in the person of Catharine Brett, a woman of good English extraction, first wife of the Israelitish Bernard, who lived with her only a year or less, and left to her care the

only child of their union, Henry, the father of Francis Brett Hart, or Bret Harte, as he soon caused himself to be called. The mother of the boy destined to add lustre to the family name was left a widow after fifteen years of wandering and troubled life with her rather eccentric husband, a schoolteacher of migratory habits and a man of considerable learning. A passage from Mr. Merwin's book will convey a notion of the haphazard existence to which Bret Harte became early accustomed.

"A few years before her death Mrs. Hart read the life of Bronson Alcott, and when she laid down the book she remarked that the troubles and privations endured by the Alcott family bore a striking resemblance to those which she and her children had undergone. Some want of balance in Henry Hart's character prevented him, notwithstanding his undoubted talents, his enthusiasm, and his accomplishments, from ever obtaining any material success in life, or even a home for his family and himself. But he was a man of warm impulses and deep feelings. When Henry Clay was nominated for the Presidency in 1844, Henry Hart espoused his cause almost with fury. He gave up all other employment to electioneer in behalf of the Whig candidate, and the defeat of his idol was a crushing blow from which he never recovered . . . and his death a year later, in 1845, may justly be regarded as a really noble ending to a troubled and unsuccessful life."

It is to the eldest of the four Harte children, Eliza, now Mrs. Knaufft, that the author is indebted for many facts in the history of the family that are new to us and most welcome. Of the two brothers, Henry and Francis, the former might have distinguished himself as signally as his younger brother, had he not been cut off almost upon the threshold of his promising young manhood. Precocity marked both boys, and Francis, being incapacitated for active sports from his sixth to his tenth year, fell to reading Shakespeare before he was seven, and followed him with Dickens, Fielding, Goldsmith, Smollett, Cervantes, and Washington Irving. An illness of two months in his fifteenth year was beguiled with the study of Greek, which he learned to read sufficiently to astonish his mother. Of this home initiation into literature we read further:

"If the Hart family resembled the Alcott family in the matter of misfortunes and privations, so it did, also, in its intellectual atmosphere. Mrs. Hart shared her husband's passion for literature; and she had a keen critical faculty, to which, the family think, Bret Harte was much indebted for the perfection of his style. Henry Hart had accumulated a library surprisingly large for a man of his small means, and the whole household was given to the reading not simply of books, but of the best books, and to talking about them. It was a household in which the literary second-rate was unerringly, and somewhat scornfully, discriminated from the first-rate."

* *THE LIFE OF BRET HARTE.* With Some Account of the California Pioneers. By Henry Childs Merwin. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The mother's caustic criticism of her younger son's first essays in metrical composition was so unsparing that the writer afterward wondered how he had ever dared to continue writing verse and even to publish it. It was in 1867 (not in 1865, as he himself says) that the first collection of these poems was issued in book form. "The Lost Galleon and Other Tales" was the book's title, and Tame and Bacon, of San Francisco, were the printers. A year later "The Overland Monthly" was started by Anton Roman, with Bret Harte as its editor. Indeed, the very name of the magazine was of Bret Harte's selection, and the familiar design on its cover—the grizzly bear bestriding a piece of railroad track—was partly of his own suggestion. The bear had been cut and printed, but the picture lacked point and meaning until the young editor drew some criss-cross lines under the animal's feet, which converted the whole into a telling symbol of California savagery snarling at the approaching type of nineteenth-century civilization, the steam locomotive.

If genius has ever found its most congenial environment, surely Bret Harte was rightly placed when he found himself in the California of half a century ago, with all its picturesque variety of life and its contempt for the conventions. A judge of the Santa Cruz County court kept a hotel, and after court had adjourned he might be seen in his shirt-sleeves waiting on his guests at table, serving jurors, attorneys, criminals, and sheriffs, with a truly judicial impartiality. A Yale graduate sold peanuts for a livelihood on the Plaza at San Francisco, while an erstwhile Yale professor hauled freight with a yoke of oxen. A doctor of medicine washed dishes in a restaurant, an ex-governor scraped the fiddle in a bar-room, a lawyer maintained a mush-and-milk stand, another sold pies at a river-crossing, a third drove a team of mules, and an Oxford senior wrangler filled the humble rôle of boatman. Mr. Merwin shows his familiarity with Bret Harte's stories by introducing many quotations and allusions in his survey of the rude condition of California in the fifties.

Upon Harte's leaving the Pacific coast, in 1871, he proceeded first to Chicago, and thence to Boston and New York. His desultory life during the seven years before he entered the consular service is disposed of by his biographer in a single short chapter. Then follow chapters on "Bret Harte at Crefeld," "Bret Harte at Glasgow," "Bret Harte in London," and, finally, four short chapters of literary criticism, or rather appreciation, dealing with "Bret

Harte as a Writer of Fiction" and "Bret Harte as a Poet," "Bret Harte's Pioneer Dialect," and "Bret Harte's Style." The narrative and descriptive portions of the book constitute its bulk and give the work its character. And yet Mr. Merwin's appreciation of Bret Harte's literary genius is not lacking in warmth or in discernment. Let us quote from his remarks on the novelist's style.

"One other characteristic of Bret Harte's style, and indeed of any style which ranks with the best, is obvious, and that is subtlety. It is the office of a good style to express in some indefinable manner those *nuances* which mere words, taken by themselves, are not fine enough to convey. Thoughts so subtle as to have almost the character of feelings; feelings so well defined as just to escape being thoughts; attractions and repulsions; those obscure movements of the intellect of which the ordinary man is only half conscious until they are revealed to him by the eye of genius;—all these things it is a part of style to express, or at least to imply. Subtlety of style presupposes, of course, subtlety of thought, and possibly also subtlety of perception. Certainly Bret Harte had both of these capacities; and many examples might be cited of his minute and sympathetic observation. For instance, although he had no knowledge of horses, and occasionally betrays his ignorance in this respect, yet he has described the American trotter with an accuracy which any technical person might envy."

Then follows an admirably illustrative passage from "Through the Santa Clara Wheat," where we are told how "the driver leaned forward and did something with the reins—Rose never could clearly understand what, though it seemed to her that he simply lifted them with ostentatious lightness; but the mare suddenly seemed to *lengthen herself* and lose her height, and the stalks of wheat on either side of the dusty track began to melt into each other, and then slipped like a flash into one long, continuous, shimmering green hedge."

It will be long before Bret Harte's life will have to be told again in detail, so thoroughly has his latest biographer performed the task. We are glad to have so much that has been obscure or puzzling in that rather erratic life placed in orderly sequence by this careful pen. The precautions adopted by the writer to ensure accuracy, and which are touched upon in his preface, inspire confidence in the authenticity of his statements. The date of Bret Harte's birth, which Mr. Pemberton states as 1839, with consequent unaccountable discrepancies, is more credibly given by Mr. Merwin as 1836. For combined trustworthiness and readability his book must commend itself to all who give themselves the pleasure and profit of its perusal.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

ITALIAN PROBLEMS OF WAR AND PEACE.*

Now that Italy and Turkey are facing each other in hostile array at Tripoli, and the world's eyes are concentrated on every move that Italy is making to annex the vilayet which has been the goal of her Mediterranean policy for so many years, everything relating to Italian conditions, social, political, and military, is of keen interest. We know little of these matters; nor is it easy to learn more. What Italy has given us in the past, the debt we owe to her and to Greece for the foundations of our culture, are familiar to everyone. But the task that she has accomplished in the last two score of years in forming one nation and one government from many heterogeneous if not conflicting elements, how she has invalidated forever the pertinence of Prince Metternich's characterization of the country as "a geographical expression," what is her present position in the world of European thought and life,—of these things most of us are more or less ignorant. Carducci's phrase "The Third Italy" was so happy that it has come into general adoption. The first Italy conquered the whole of the known world; the second was overrun, subdued, and partitioned by barbarians; the third is that free Italy with which we are more or less familiar.

A book about this Third Italy, purporting to be written by a Yankee living in Rome, in the form of letters to his friends in America, though published some years ago, is only just now translated into English. There are nineteen of these letters, and they are as outspoken about Italy as the somewhat similar "Letters of a Chinese Official" were about England. The American reader is not slow in discovering that the "Yankee" of these letters is not the real thing, but an Italian who knows things from the inside and would hardly dare to speak in his own person. Very few of the Italian reviews, however, penetrated the disguise; the book passed through three editions, and a subscription was raised whereby each of the 508 deputies in the Italian Parliament was presented with a copy. As the American translator points out, "The comparison the writer draws between what has been done in our country in contrast to Italy is so flattering that whilst reading it the American eagle in each one of us involuntarily flaps his wings."

At some other time, perhaps the most engrossing of these letters would be those dealing

* THE NEW ITALY. A Discussion of its Present Political and Social Conditions. Translated from *La Terza Italia: Lettere di un Yankee*, of Federico Garlanda, by M. E. Wood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

with such subjects as "The Preparation of the New Capital," "Education and Art," "The Mafia and Lynch Law," "Literature and the Press," "Family Life," etc. But at the present moment we are more concerned with the discussion of the state of the army and the military spirit. The writer calls attention to the fact that for the last forty years all Italian campaigns have ended in disaster, and there has been a great decline in the military spirit.

"An army is no good if it is not animated by military spirit. Cannon are useless hunks of bronze if not maneuvered by a valiant and spirited artillery. There is no necessity to cultivate militarism; but there is, to see to it that every good son of Italy should have the consciousness of belonging to a great nation, and should be determined, at the supreme moment, heroically to do his whole duty. . . . Italy is fortunate in having a well-disciplined army, though perhaps in danger of being *too much* disciplined, should that discipline be construed in a way that would turn it into a menace of suffocation rather than a revivifying force. The Italian officers are for the most part good fellows—a little limited sometimes in their ideas, not so much because they do not study, as because they do not know the world; there is not one in ten who has ever set his foot outside his own country,—their financial condition does not enable them to do so,—but they are profoundly devoted to their flag, and most enthusiastic in the performance of their duties. If they were allowed to go ahead a little themselves, if the Central Government would yield them a little larger sphere of action, and would give them a little more of what we call 'elbow room,' it seems to me they would form an element which could be counted on with confidence."

Still more pertinent is the chapter on "Colonies and 'Irredentismos'"—the latter word being applied to certain portions of the national territory still remaining under foreign domination, such as Trent and Trieste. At this moment it would be idle to attempt to foresee the outcome of the struggle in North Africa. But it is not premature to ask what Italy will be likely to do with Tripoli now that it has fallen into her hands. If, with or without compensation to the excluded Turks, Italy shall be left in possession there, it will then be incumbent upon the new masters of the province to justify their occupation by making their rule acceptable to the Arabs, and by bringing security, order, and prosperity to the country. Previous attempts by Italy in colonial undertakings have been conspicuous failures; is she likely to succeed when she faces the actual problem of extending her influence beyond the coast line? Concerning this, our author says:

"Italians have been unfortunate, it is true; but it will not do to think that other countries have gotten their colonies for nothing. . . . To make herself mistress of so large a portion of the world, England for more than three hundred years has been at war on land

and sea. It was a great shame that immediately after the constitution of the Kingdom no great statesman should have thought of the future, and the absolute necessity that Italy should have some outlets in her own possession. There would have been many more of these outlets than there now are, and they would have been much more easily acquired. . . . At all events, so long as Italy has no vast colony of her own adapted to her inhabitants, she is much in the position of a man with an incurable disease, who loses every day a part of his blood and his strength. How sad is the perennial exodus of thousands upon thousands of poor peasants, who leave a land incapable of nourishing them, and go far away to an unknown world whose name they can scarcely pronounce, and where most of them will be given over to a life of privation and desolation. . . . Italy will never suffice to the needs of her already dense and constantly increasing population. If Italy should entirely devote herself to the improvement of her lands, the problem of over-population, which is for any country one of the most terrible, might be deferred for some years; but it would be bound to rise up later, ever graver and more threatening."

No wonder, then, that Italy, having made up her mind to possess herself of Tripoli and to forestall the French from further extension of their colonies in North Africa, has seized on the first opportune occasion to take the decisive step. Whether she has fully counted the after-costs of the enterprise upon which she has adventured, or has weighed the possible complications in the inevitable process of adjustment, may be gravely doubted. In the mean time readers of this trenchant book on "The New Italy" will infer that the greatest obstacle to be encountered will be the home elements, anti-military and socialistic, among whom the feeling prevails that the Italian Government has enough to do toward the amelioration of industrial and social conditions in its own immediate boundaries without undertaking foreign conquests.

ANNA BENNESON McMAHAN.

THE MESSAGE OF MUSIC.*

The subject of apologetics is just as important in art as it is in religion. In the case of music it still seems to a certain degree necessary to make a special plea for its acceptance among the serious concerns of life. This is no doubt partly due to the behavior of musicians themselves. The old conflict between the formalists and the expressionists still has something of its pristine rancor. Notwithstanding the achievements of Schumann and Liszt and Brahms, we are still more or less required to assure mankind that music, the latest of the

*THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC. By Halbert Hains Britan, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy, Bates College. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

arts, has come into the world for the purification and enlightenment of men, as have her great sisters who preceded her.

The work of Professor Britan on "The Philosophy of Music" is qualified to accomplish much in this direction. Its title should not act as a deterrent to anyone. When Philosophy assumes the simple garb which she here wears, when she speaks in language so direct and alluring, she has ceased to be harsh and crabbed, and may be welcomed as one who has a message to bring that is well worth the hearing. If music needed any *apologia pro vita sua* (and the time has certainly arrived when such apology is superseded by a discussion of its nature, methods, and significance) one will find the difficult work happily done in Professor Britan's book.

In an opening chapter the author explains at some length how music has arisen in all ages and climes, showing a universality beyond that of almost any other art except poetry; how music has lent itself to the expression of emotion with remarkable versatility, and has produced its wonders with a power that has held the listener captive. He then outlines the subject of musical form, but without going into its intricacies. One envisages, however, the creative achievements of the composer who erects his musical structures with great architectural skill. The world of music emerges into view, and we ask ourselves of what import are these varied and myriad voices decisively blended and evidently eager to arouse the dormant will or to soothe and allay where a mood is too insistent and on the verge of dangerous excess.

The investigation proceeds with the organization of the chaotic ocean of sound. The struggle upward to the disclosure of the scale, and the differentiation of this latter into its many possibilities, are brought to our view. Then the basic concern of rhythm, with its roots firmly established in the historic process of the race, receives a sufficient analysis. Rhythm has to do with the original solidarity of mankind, and its convincing employment by music at once allies the art with that movement which has meant the increasing consciousness of the need and value of civilization. Then follows the formation of the melody, the rise of the artistic form which music is especially to claim as its own. The material which Music and its congener Poetry use differs from that of the other arts. In the latter the material is already extant: stone and paint are not far to seek anywhere; but language and ordered sound are

products of man's activity. Music and poetry belong wholly to mankind, and therefore admit of a fulness, a richness, and an intimacy of expression which place them by themselves. Then the combination of tones, the capital achievement of harmony, makes a further step in the progress; this advances from its elaborate and yet artificial contrapuntal stages through an intermediate one of an equal distribution of voices into its final unification of free melodies in massive and significant effects.

If we then ask ourselves what content or meaning has been poured into these efforts, which have occupied the serious attention of so many men of the highest type for such protracted periods, we have only to look at the works of the masters for a reply. Palestrina has given expression to the mystical revelations of the Mediaeval Church, and Bach to the hopes and aspirations of the Reformation; in Beethoven, as in his friend and contemporary Goethe, the modern consciousness finds all its restless questionings struggling on to solution; in Wagner the drama leaps into a new life, like the Renaissance achievement in the great times of England's Elizabeth. The art is distinctly the modern art; its accomplishments are those of our own time. Of all the arts it is the one now most alive, and attaining its maturity; and the men on the stage seem to be carrying forward the work of their predecessors.

But harmony has additional complications; in the orchestra the instruments have their special peculiarities; the strings differenced among themselves are as a whole differenced from the wind instruments, which also separate into varieties in their own domain; and the percussion instruments have their tone-color and their capabilities of rhythmic emphasis, while above the whole soar the human voices with their far-reaching distinctiveness. If to these are added the intricacies of the modern drama, with its opportunities in the way of scenic presentation, enlisting poetry and painting and sculpture and architecture, we have Richard Wagner's ideal of a work which is the united expression of the arts.

Music has the closest affiliations with literature. As Professor Britan says:

"The exceptional influence which certain forms of literature exert upon the human mind—*e. g.*, the novel and the drama—well confirms our point as a positive example of the principles which give music its power. As Lessing long ago explained, literature is peculiarly adapted to express ideas in which there is development from moment to moment. It conforms to the natural process of thought, and so is adapted to express thought

relations. Literature, therefore, is to be classed with music as an art adapted to carry the mind into emotional climaxes of great intensity and force. . . . But even as compared with literature, music in one respect stands superior; the dynamic similarity of literature to the emotional life is confined chiefly to the thought content, in music it extends even to the elements of its sensuous expression. . . . Music in its symbolism, both in the thought content and in its sensuous factors employed, conforms closely to the laws of emotional reactions. This symbolism therefore makes a direct and a tremendous appeal to the emotional consciousness. Thus it is that music ranks in power with the most powerful forms of the literary art, and in some respects surpasses it in the directness and immediacy of its appeal."

Professor Britan has made an interesting and valuable presentation of his subject; it has taken the form of a series of lectures, rather than a systematic and scientific exposition such as Professor Combarieu's work on "Music: Its Laws and Evolution," reviewed in these pages some little time ago. Perhaps, however, such treatment will only add to the strength of its appeal to the general reader, and assure the book the wide circulation which it ought to have. The publishers have given it the fine garb which we have learned to expect from them.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

THE INTEREST OF INDIA.*

Americans are beginning to do decidedly more reading about British India. The incentives range from the deeper and more definite concern with oriental world-politics that followed our acquisition of the Philippines, to the picturesqueness of the Delhi durbars, the readability of Mr. Kipling at his best, or the number of our missionaries. The only surprise is that the growth of active interest has been so slow; for it is inconceivable that anybody should fail to find something to attract and hold him, if he will ever glance at that incredible peninsula. Nor should this dangerously comprehensive statement be narrowed by limiting its application to students of art, or philosophy, or ethnology, or religion, or history, or government. It is obvious that all these must find a rich and even boundless field in India; but for other less exalted mortals the attractiveness is just as compelling. For instance, a sturdy New Zealand traveller on the Pacific said to me: "I don't care a straw about architecture or that sort of rot, but the Taj Mahal is in my heart forever." One unpretentious and thoroughly Ameri-

* THE WEST IN THE EAST. By Price Collier. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

AMONG INDIAN RAJAHS AND RYOTS. By Sir Andrew Fraser, K.C.S.I. Illustrated. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

JUNGLE BY-WAYS IN INDIA. By E. P. Stebbing. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co.

BENARES. By C. Phillips Cape. Illustrated. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

can woman declared that any railway station in India was better than the best circus in the United States. Occasionally, it is true, you meet the creature who sees in Benares not the "Oxford and Mecca of Hinduism," not the most striking river front in the world, with its combination of "temples, palaces, pinnacles, shrines, towers, and minarets," but simply the dirtiest and worst-smelling city on the globe. However, such a person is rare; and if one finds no joy in Benares, there remain the villages, the plains, the Himalayas, the birds, the beasts, Agra, Udaipur, Delhi, and Amber, — a thousand sources of pleasure. Only one visitor have I ever met who felt discontent with everything; but he was an elderly American millionaire travelling in his private car, and his own charming wife smiled upon him with an infinite pity that he could not comprehend.

It has been definitely determined that King George will hold a coronation durbar at Delhi next winter; and it will be the only regal function I should decidedly care to see. Of all the splendid and picturesque pageants in the history of the world, this may be the most picturesque and splendid. The palace of the Moghul emperors in itself seemed to me worth a trip around the world; and in the old imperial surroundings East and West will meet in all the pomp and circumstance of war and peace. Here a foreigner from over the "Black Water" — the mere crossing whereof involves almost inexpiable pollution for the Hindu — will be crowned emperor of over three hundred and fifteen millions of people. In these millions will be included every stage of human development, from the most primitive, almost simian, savage to the purest blooded and most sophisticated Aryan. One must not think of India as a nation. It is no more a nation than is all Europe with half of Africa thrown in; for you find just as fundamental differences among its various peoples and tribes as between the Cossack and the Neapolitan, the cultured Parisian and the Nubian negro. India is a geographical expression, meaning a million and three-quarters of square miles of territory peopled by such divergent inhabitants as I have suggested. Over this continent, with its teeming millions, it is the task of Great Britain to rule, and her success or failure is one of the most momentous questions ever presented to students of government.

It is the question which Mr. Price Collier proposed to answer in his work entitled "The West in the East." His volume is a beautiful example of an exceedingly readable book written by an able man who knows he has no particular right to be heard. Mr. Collier spent six months in the country under the wing of government officials and maharajahs. With a brilliant journalistic instinct, he grasped a lot of essentials and proceeded to set them forth with a lot of interesting non-essentials and a number of perfectly obvious blunders. The result is one of the most provoking books a reviewer is called upon to examine. If one is at all familiar with India, one becomes irritated to a most unphilosophical degree by inaccuracies, by ill-grounded judgments, by

the persistent injection of impertinent observations, and many similar defects; but just at the point of explosion one is calmed by the thought of the general usefulness of the book and the validity of its more important conclusions. For instance, with reference to the success or failure of British rule in India, Mr. Collier believes England is genuinely serving the cause of humanity and carrying out a superhuman task with superb devotion and astonishing success. "There is no land, I believe, governed by such self-sacrificing rulers, and ruling over such ignorant multitudes." Again, he gives us this spicy worded bit: "My own opinion as an observer from the outside is, that the peoples of India are no more fit for representative government than are the inmates of a menagerie, and that were the British to leave India for three months, India would resemble a circus tent in the dark, with the menagerie let loose inside." In a similar spirit he reads his fellow countrymen a pointed and pertinent lecture on their maudlin sympathy with "the so-called Indian patriots" in America.

"But this attempt of the Brahman agitators to oust the British, or at all events to gain more offices, more authority and more power for themselves, is an effort to replace British control by the rule of the Brahman, which represents the most tyrannical, the most un-American, and the most revolting social, religious, and political autocracy the world has ever seen. How any American, whatever his ideals or his sympathies, can lend his influence in support of a movement to increase the power of the Brahman caste in India, politically or otherwise, can only be explained on two grounds: he is either maliciously mischievous, or he is ignorant."

The same high appreciation of British rule is seen in the chapter on Bunia-Pani, perhaps the best section of the book. With the general spirit of Mr. Collier's conclusion, I am in most hearty accord; and it is worth recalling that the two Frenchmen best qualified to write on India have spoken in a tone of approval almost as unqualified.

This opinion receives strong confirmation from a new book diametrically the opposite of Mr. Collier's. Sir Andrew H. G. Fraser, the author of "Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots," served the Crown for thirty years, including five years as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. In his octavo volume of reminiscences he has made no explicit claims for the success of British rule; his aim is "to convey some idea to the ordinary British imagination of the life we live in India, and of the peoples among whom that life is spent." But before the reader closes the book he will repeat once more, "It is well that a nation is willing to give such sons to serve an alien people." In the author's aim, as quoted above, he succeeds most admirably; and one is carried from chapter to chapter with unflagging interest. We associate with European and Indian officers, as well as civilians. We are present at the complicated and bewildering operations of the law courts. We share the thrilling excitement of grain riots, or the sanguinary uprising of the Khonds. We watch the peasant in the field, and note the efforts of his rulers to save him from the money-lender. We are intro-

duced to the latest phases of the educational problem and the political unrest. We smile with the humors of administration, or are carried off at Christmastide to share in the capture of a herd of wild elephants. At every turn we have the delightful feeling that our author knows whereof he speaks. The book is more human than Lord Cromer's two volumes on Egypt, without being less authoritative. It can be recommended most cordially.

Our third book, "Jungle By-Ways in India," joins the preceding only in the paths of the jungle. I regret that my knowledge of hunting in India is limited to books and to tales of Indian acquaintances; but Mr. Stebbing's unpretentious volume seems to me a model. It is the outcome of "sixteen pleasant and interesting years in the Indian Forest Service," and has all the freshness of notes and sketches made "on the spot and at the time." The "shikari" will acknowledge a debt for the "tracks" of Indian game animals, as well as a lot of other information; but any lover of wild life and of the open air will enjoy these three hundred pages on "Antlers," "Horns," and "Pelts." The following passage from the preface reflects very accurately the spirit of the whole volume:

"It is an experience common to many true sportsmen, I believe, that they soon grow tired of the mere slaughter of the animals they go out to seek. Gradually the fascination of the jungle lays its hold upon them, and of the jungle-loving denizens. It becomes a pastime of absorbing interest to watch the life of the jungle in its daily round from early morn to dewy eve, and again in the solemn watches of the night. It becomes an ambition to learn from, and strive to emulate, the jungle man in his knowledge of all jungle lore, and to strive to pick up some of his marvelous tracking powers. Long years of close study, combined with an exceptional aptitude for absorbing jungle lore, must be passed through before one can hope to even approach the powers in this respect of the jungle man. But what a store of glorious memories do such years contain! From such a store I have endeavored to depict the fund of pleasure, interest, and knowledge, let alone that breezy spice of danger which adds zest to all sport, which await the student of jungle life in the shimmering East."

After reading these lines one is prepared for such a paragraph as this:

"Oh, the sunsets of the East! Can skill with pen or brush ever portray them in anything like their wonderful intensity? Ephemeral they, for as one strives with strained and fixed gaze to take in all their beauty, lo! they change and melt, soften and disappear, and leave us with cold greys or blues or blacks."

Nor does one need to be told how Mr. Stebbing enjoyed watching a leopard *au naturel*, and rejoiced that his gun had been left behind. I must note, too, that the author has a relieving sense of humor, seen, for example, in his very brief description of a run-away lunch-bearing elephant.

The last of the volumes in our present group raises the knotty problem of the evangelization of India. "If only Benares could be won for Christ, more than Benares would be won." The author is himself a missionary, and believes that the cross will triumph despite the modesty of its past achievements. This hopefulness is shared by Sir Andrew Fraser, who believes that the outlook of Christianity in India

was never so favorable as at present, and feels that "the evangelization of its peoples is assured if the church in the West and the church in India are found alive to their responsibility and faithful to their duty." In another passage he pays a high tribute to the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. Mr. Collier, on the other hand, is openly skeptical as to the missionary movement. The missionaries, he says, "have made practically no impression upon India, and the best of them, both European and native, admit as much themselves." I have quoted these contradictory opinions because they represent exactly what I found when visiting India. For every three men who told me the missionaries were accomplishing anything worth while, there were other three to enter a flat denial; and how shall an outsider presume to judge between them? This much, however, seems to be clear: that the Hindu is by nature better adapted to carry out the turn-the-other-cheek doctrine of Christianity than the occidental nations, who never dream of doing anything of the kind; and that up to the present the converts have been practically limited to the lowest castes, or the out-castes. To me it would seem that, for the average Hindu, a Christian sect comes dangerously near to being nothing except a new caste or a substitute therefor; and it is perfectly clear that the higher caste Hindus will always hold aloof as a class. Nor do I believe that any considerable headway will be made with the Mohammedans. But I am in danger of giving the impression that Mr. Cape, in his book on Benares, treats only of the missionary problem, which would be entirely misleading; for he chats about all sorts of topics suggested by the sacred capital on the Ganges, such as "The Monkey Temple," "The Holy Man," "Caste at Work," "The Sacred Bull," or "Benares Doma." Furthermore, he gives us a lot of excellent illustrations, and includes a number of Indian sayings. Throughout the work, however, the point of view is frankly that of the missionary.

In concluding this survey, I should like to return to the central question. The greatest problem in India is poverty: not lack of land, but lack of property. The next is government. Contrary to general belief, there is plenty of land even for the three hundred and fifteen millions shown by the last census. With irrigation, with improved agriculture, and with industrial development, the country may be raised, painfully and slowly, to comparative comfort and even to comparative affluence—if one emphasizes comparative. But it is safe to say that any amelioration will be indefinitely postponed if this geographical expression be treated as a nation and left to its own control. One must always remember that there are many individuals of the highest type among the leading Mohammedans and Hindus; but one must never forget that these are easily lost in the countless throng, and that the history of India has been the history of war and conquest, of blood and rapine. Much water will flow between the banks of the hallowed Ganges

before India ceases to need some "strong, controlling magnetic force to hold together its innumerable atoms," and to raise them in the scale of being.

FRED B. R. HELLEMS.

**EVOLUTION: AS SPECULATION
AND AS FACT.***

In recent years speculative writings about Organic Evolution have been rather heavily discounted in the biological market. New facts about Evolution have been at a premium. It has not unreasonably been insisted that if one desired a respectful hearing he must pretty well eschew those imaginative flights which added brilliancy, though not great illumination, to much of the early post-Darwinian discussion of the subject. It is remarkable how essentially similar all these speculative discussions are, when stripped of all accessory verbiage. Skeletonized, the argument always runs about like this: "Given . . . etc., it would necessarily follow that" . . . etc. "Or if . . . were as we plainly must conceive it to be, it might be that" . . . etc. "But there can be no *reasonable* doubt that" . . . "This being so we have proved that . . . etc. *ad lib.* Q. E. D." The advance of biology by this method of research was so exceedingly slow as to bring the method itself into disrepute. "Back to Nature" became an absolutely imperative call, and has been productive of solid advances in our knowledge of the method of Evolution.

These remarks are occasioned by the first book on our present list, Bernard's "Neglected Factors in Evolution," which is by way of being a reversion to an extinct type. It is, in all essentials, purely speculative from cover to cover. The author, who before his death was for many years a member of the staff of the British Museum (Natural History), spent a good deal of time in studying the microscopic structure of the retina of the eye. He found there certain peculiar forms of protoplasm. Long continued cogitation over these phenomena so magnified their seeming importance that finally the "protomitic net-work" came to be for Mr. Bernard the key which was to open all the dark recesses of the

**SOME NEGLECTED FACTORS IN EVOLUTION. An Essay in Constructive Biology.* By Henry M. Bernard. Edited by Matilda Bernard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CONVERGENCE IN EVOLUTION. By Arthur Willey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION. Its Basis and its Scope. By Henry Edward Crampton. New York: Columbia University Press.

EVOLUTION. By Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE MUTATION THEORY. Experiments and Observations on the Origin of Species in the Vegetable Kingdom. By Hugo De Vries. Translated by Prof. J. B. Farmer and A. D. Darbshire. Volume II., *The Origin of Varieties by Mutation.* Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

MENDELISM. By R. C. Pannett. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A LECTURE ON MENDELISM. By H. Drinkwater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

problems of Evolution. For their further clarification, the principle of "cosmic rhythm" was brought forth. With these as working tools, the whole course of Organic Evolution is reviewed and "explained" in a stout volume of nearly 500 pages. Since, however, the "explanation" follows precisely the course of the skeletonized argument presented above, we are left no further forward than before. The book forms another shining example of the utter futility of the attempt to "explain" the relatively little we actually know about biology, in terms of the vast lot which we do not know.

Willey's "Convergence in Evolution" is a different sort of book. It is essentially a critical digest of a wide range of facts bearing on what really is a somewhat "neglected" factor in Evolution—namely, convergence. Briefly, the biologist means by "convergence" the phenomenon presented by two (or more) groups of animals which are not at all closely related genetically, but which nevertheless have certain structures or organs that are similar, not only in form but in function as well. The cause of these "convergent" similarities is to be found, broadly speaking, in the action of like environmental forces upon organisms which, in spite of their difference of origin, are equally plastic and capable of being moulded under the stress of external circumstances. The facts of convergence show plainly that there is always a tendency for living things to meet certain environmental demands in one general way. While cases of convergence have long been known, Willey's is the first extensive analytical study of the matter. It is a valuable contribution to biological literature, not only for the wealth of facts which it brings together, many of which are new and come from the author's own observations during several years' residence in the tropics, but also for the clear-cut way in which these data are brought together into a well-ordered whole, which forms convincing evidence of the importance of Convergent Evolution.

As the body of knowledge comprised in any one of the sciences increases, there is created an almost continuous need for popular treatises which shall keep the general reader informed both as to the progress which is being made and also in regard to how the newly-gained knowledge dovetails into what has been known. In the case of evolutionary biology, such a need is particularly evident, because of the important part the evolution idea has come to have in all fields of contemporary thought. Hence it is that there is a tolerably steady output of brief popular summaries of Evolution, each a little "better" than its predecessor, because more accurately reflecting the immediately existing state of expert technical knowledge in the field, and each in turn to be supplanted by a later arrival. Two such treatises are included in our present budget: the book by Mr. Henry E. Crampton, and that by Messrs. Thomson and Geddes. Both are excellent treatises. They are authoritative and clear, and present the essentials in a straightforward way calculated to

catch and hold the reader's interest. Thomson and Geddes follow closely the conventional lines for a work of this sort, presumably on account chiefly of the limitations of space prescribed in the "Home University Library" series of which their book forms a number. Mr. Crampton devotes considerable space to the discussion of the relation of Evolution to social and religious problems. Neither of these books is illustrated, a rather serious defect in a popular introduction to Evolution.

Some time ago the first volume of the English translation of De Vries's "*Mutations theorie*" was reviewed in these columns. The second volume has now appeared. The work as a whole will always remain a classic of biological literature. Its original publication marked an epoch in the history of science. Whether or not all the ideas of De Vries stand the test of time, it will still be a fact that his work served as one of the primary stimuli which led biologists to take up the *experimental* study of evolution. What will be the end of the present great activity in this field of research, no one can foresee; but it is certain that the data already accumulated have wonderfully widened and deepened our insight into some of the most fundamental of biological problems. To De Vries belongs the credit due a pioneer.

Closely associated with the mutation theory in the history of modern biology is Mendelism. Variation and heredity in general are really but two different aspects of the same fundamental phenomenon. Mutation illustrates from the side of variation the significance of discontinuity in Evolution, while the type of inheritance discovered by Gregor Mendel in his monastery garden emphasizes the same thing on the heredity side. It has been well said that in the last analysis all knowledge must be individual. Until the rediscovery of Mendel's laws, this is precisely what our knowledge of heredity had not been. It had been held impossible to predict from a knowledge of the parents what the *individual* offspring would be like. We could make a reasonable prediction of the "average" condition of the progeny, but not more. Mendel's work showed that in peas, at least, one could with great precision foretell what the individual offspring of a particular mating would be like. In the last ten years the range of applicability of Mendelian principles has been enormously extended among both domesticated and wild animals and plants; and the end is not yet. Naturally, such important and far-reaching discoveries have called forth many non-technical books for the lay reader. Two of these demand attention here. Drinkwater's reprint of a lecture on Mendelism is a very brief outline of the subject, clearly written but not sufficiently extensive to give any adequate idea of what has been done or of its significance. The booklet contains excellent portraits of Mendel, Bateson, and Punnett. Professor R. C. Punnett, who has recently succeeded Bateson in the chair of biology at Cambridge, is the author of what is by far the best popular account

of Mendelism yet published. This book went through two large editions, and was then taken over by another publisher, and the present enlarged and rewritten third edition has been issued. It is a model of popular scientific writing, recalling Huxley at his best. Without going into unnecessary technical detail, it traces the progress of discovery in this field from Mendel's work to the present day. The author has himself largely contributed to this advance in the series of "Reports to the Evolution Committee of the Royal Society," in which the investigations of Bateson and his co-workers at Cambridge have been recorded. Another master of popular scientific writing has well characterized Punnett's book as "an unsurpassed exposition by an expert investigator."

Taken together, the books on Evolution here reviewed give a most gratifying impression of the vigor and healthfulness of present-day biology. Five out of the list record fundamental advances in human knowledge and in the ability of man to control the forces of nature. It is not too much to say that the phenomena of mutation and Mendelian inheritance have almost, if not quite, as deep significance for the science of biology as has the idea of Evolution itself. But substantially the whole body of our present knowledge about these matters has been gained during little more than a decade past. Surely a science which can show a record like this is neither "moribund" nor "bankrupt," nor in immediate danger of entering upon either of these states. Everyone admits that it is the most difficult of matters justly to appraise the real value of present achievements. Yet he is surely mistaken who assumes that they are on the average greatly inferior to those of the past—that biology has made no great or fundamental advances since Darwin, or physics since Newton or Clerk-Maxwell. The "golden ages of science" are by no means all gone by. In point of fact, "good old days" are hardy perennials. We may be sure that one, two, or three generations hence there will be plenty to say of this good day and age, "Ah, but there really *were* giants then!"

RAYMOND PEARL.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Three old-time
Southern
statesmen.*

Under the collective title of "Statesmen of the Old South" (Macmillan) Dr. William E. Dodd presents a series of studies on Thomas Jefferson, John C. Calhoun, and Jefferson Davis. These studies are the outgrowth of a series of lectures delivered at several universities. The sub-title of the book—"From Radicalism to Conservative Revolt"—furnishes an index to the writer's point of view and a key to the historical philosophy of the work. The three leaders are fitly chosen as exponents of Southern opinion, one being a great leveler, and the others claiming to be his followers but with a difference. They came of plain Western people, and were not aristocrats

born and bred, as some would have us believe all Southern leaders were. Professor Dodd suggests many new points of view and re-states old known facts in a fresh way. He traces dominant Southern opinion from the radical national democracy of the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth century through its slow development to conservative sectionalism and secession. He gives us an unusually effective background, historical, political, economic, social, and religious, which is necessary to a proper understanding of the careers of these leaders; and in several instances he makes skilful use of formerly neglected episodes, such as the personal disagreement between Jefferson and Patrick Henry, and the social war on Mrs. Eaton. The proper value is assigned to the work of the early Southern leaders in nation-building. The best of the studies is that on Calhoun; the treatment of Nullification and of Calhoun's later years being particularly good. It is perhaps too much to expect minute accuracy in a brief interpretation of Southern history, but there are some points on which it seems that Professor Dodd might have done better. For example, it is hardly correct to say that Jefferson was a leader of a nation of "peasant farmers," for not only has there never been anything like a peasant class of white people in America, but the peasant temperament could never have long existed in any part of America, certainly not in the South. It would seem, too, that undue importance is attached to the failure of Virginia to emancipate her slaves in 1831. A student of Southern history can hardly find warrant for saying that such emancipation would have prevented the Civil War, for the social and economic organization of the Gulf States was already crystallizing into definite form, which the action of Virginia would not have affected seriously. The Davis family was not "hardshell" Baptist; there is almost as much difference between the "hardshell" Baptists and the regular Baptists as there is between Methodists and Catholics. Jefferson Davis did not make a "clandestine" marriage, nor was he a brigadier general in the Mexican War. Finally, the great subject of controversy, slavery, is treated almost entirely in its political and economic aspects, to the neglect of the social aspect. Of course as an economic interest the influence of slavery was great; but it was slavery as a social problem that drove the people of the South to distraction during the abolition agitation, and more and more as the Civil War drew near was the slavery question one of social psychology, of race feeling. It was this aspect of slavery, not the property aspect, that welded the Southern people together in resistance to what they believed to be Northern aggression.

at baroque city of modern Italy. In these days when Europe is over-run with tourists, and every inch of it seems to be accessible by a Cook's ticket, it is a surprise as well as pleasure to be introduced to a city comparatively unknown and highly interesting, situated in the heel of Italy's boot. The

name of this city is Lecce; it lies only twenty-four miles southeast of Brindisi; it is of ancient origin, but presents as its primary and distinctive interest the most representative and picturesque collection of baroque buildings to be found in Italy. A book by Mr. Martin Shaw Briggs, called "In the Heel of Italy" (Duffield), is the first attempt ever made in any language to outline the city's history and to describe its inhabitants, their interesting province, and their remarkable achievements in art. Far below the streets of modern Lecce are layers of Greek and Roman remains; more than once in the Dark Ages the city was almost wiped out; in mediæval times there were the usual incidents of warfare and bloodshed, varied by an occasional plague, up to 1456, when a terrible earthquake cost the lives of most of the citizens and left only one church standing. This varied history occupies the first half of the volume; but the individual interest of Lecce, that which makes it different from other Italian cities and so well worthy of a visit, does not begin until the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a brilliant architectural period came into being. The older remains, interesting as they are, interfere but little with the general effect of Lecce as a *baroque* city, surrounded by mediæval walls and gates. This word "baroque," as a technical term among architects, conveys a meaning of over-elaboration, of ornament misapplied, proportion disregarded, and detail used regardless of structural functions. It is an unpopular style,—but for a style of architecture to be unpopular is no hall-mark of inferiority. Abolish the baroque at Venice, and we should lose the Church of the Salute; at Genoa, many of the magnificent staircases and courtyards; at Florence, Michelangelo's little chapel of loveliness; at Rome, half the fountains, terraces, and open spaces, most of the palaces and churches; and there would remain a mere museum of broken columns and oddments of buildings, with only an occasional mediæval church or modern shop to vary its monotony. As an almost unaltered example of a baroque city, Lecce occupies a unique position; hence this architectural study of it is one of extreme interest and value. The architect-author's drawings (forty-three in number), his plan of the city and map of the region, the appendices, bibliography, and index, are remarkably scholarly and illuminative of the text. Even those travellers who think they have known Italy from top to toe will now want to return and explore the heel, with Mr. Briggs's book in hand.

Disenchanting pictures of court life.

So many false and sensational reports have been circulated concerning Louisa of Tuscany, formerly the consort of the present King of Saxony, but now living in retirement in Italy as the wife of one Signor Toselli, that it is a satisfaction to the readers of these conflicting accounts to have what claims to be a true narration of her stormy life from the pen of the ex-crown-princess herself. "My Own Story"

(Putnam) cannot be read by anyone, except perhaps by the cringing courtiers of some Prince Pumpernickel, without inspiring warm sympathy for the outrageously abused Louisa and hot indignation against her spiteful and bigoted persecutors. Born a human being and not a puppet, she refused, when the strings were pulled, to go through the expected motions on the little stage of the Dresden court. A father-in-law (the late King George) of fiendish malignity and diabolical cruelty, aided by a minister of Iago-like cunning and skill in besmirching a woman's fair fame, at last succeeded in driving the sorely-distracted princess to that step which, in the construction put upon it by her enemies, made her return to Dresden impossible, except as the head of a revolutionary faction which she wisely refused to recognize. Such, in brief, is the story she tells of her wrongs, and it bears the imprint of sincerity. Elaborated with the literary art she possesses without ever having studied it, the narrative makes remarkably interesting reading, and at the same time dispels for the nonce the glamour surrounding royal and imperial personages. One is devoutly thankful, on laying down the book, not to have been born in the purple. The translation of the work, executed "under the supervision of the author" (herself evidently an accomplished linguist), is so good as nowhere to seem like a translation. Nineteen well-chosen illustrations are interspersed.

William of Orange, hero and prophet.

Although Miss Ruth Putnam gave us, some years ago, a work on "William the Silent," in two volumes, in which she pictured "the moderate man of the sixteenth century" chiefly from his own letters and those of his enemies, there is room for the new volume from the Putnam press, wholly rewritten as it is, even as there is yet room for further biographies of a mighty man whose personality cannot be satisfactorily understood by any one person. This we say, even though the German Felix Rachfahl finished the second volume and sixteen hundredth page of his work on William of Orange in 1906, with the most important part of William's life yet to treat. Motley introduced this man of the ages to the English-speaking world, but he took the perspective and was compassed with the infirmities and limitations of his time. Miss Putnam, whose scholarly and conscientious qualifications are evidenced in her previous works, sets him forth as her acquaintance with the archivists of the Netherlands has enabled her to do. Yet who can be satisfied for a moment with either this or any other sketch thus far made of William of Orange, when he seeks to inquire critically as to how far William, the organizer of the common people, saw into the twentieth-century world of popular movement? What sincere Catholic or inquiring Protestant can be satisfied with Miss Putnam's treatment of this Catholic-Lutheran-Calvinist as a religious man? With profound contempt of religion-mongers and manipulating ecclesiastics, the founder of the Dutch

Republic was probably as true a Christian as ever stood on the continent of Europe. Especially clear and valuable in Miss Putnam's book are the accounts of William's four marriages, and of the traits and temperaments of the women to whom he committed his happiness. With equal clearness and admirable detail of truth, she has pictured for us the women rulers of the Netherlands; and here her touch is masterly. Nevertheless, with all admiration of the writer's work, one suspects she has been overwhelmed by the mass of detail and has hardly solved the seeming puzzle of the character of William. We are far from saying that this is not to her credit, for Miss Putnam never goes beyond the authority of "the written word." She knows, as well as Fruin or Blok, that the popular phrase "the Silent" as applied to William is even less historical than was "Mad Anthony," "Old Hickory," or other absurd and confusing popular epithets applied to prominent characters in America. The story of what Roman Catholics called "The Troubles," and Protestants "The Glorious Struggle for Freedom," is told with scholarly power, and with a regard for illuminating details that remind one of Parkman.

Stories and legends of the Oxford colleges.

Why did Johnson throw that excellent pair of boots out of his window at Pembroke College and continue the use of his old and shabby footgear? What are the real facts about the Brasenose Hellfire Club? Was Froude's "Nemesis of Faith" publicly burnt at Exeter College? Why are so many Jesus men named Jones? Why do they have boar's head for dinner on Christmas day at Queen's? These and many other questions that are likely to pop into the head of an intelligent visitor at Oxford are answered by Mr. Francis Gribble, himself sometime scholar of Exeter, in his handy volume, "The Romance of the Oxford Colleges" (Little, Brown & Co.), which, with its seventeen handsome plates from photographs, and its separate chapter for each of the twenty-one colleges of the university, forms an excellent supplement to last year's more inclusive work on "Oxford and Cambridge," from various pens and strikingly illustrated by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher. The book-burning incident alluded to above, so strange a ceremony for its time and place, may be related here in a few words. It was the Rev. William Sewell, Froude's colleague at Exeter, and accustomed in his lectures to make Aristotle's "Ethics" or Virgil's "Georgics" an excuse for delivering his opinions on matters of more modern and local interest, who took occasion to denounce Froude's "Nemesis" and to inquire whether anyone in his audience was the possessor of a copy of the book. One such owner revealed himself. "Then bring it here, sir!" thundered the lecturer. "It was brought," says Mr. Gribble, "and Sewell stripped off the binding, tore the pages across, pitched the mutilated volume into the flames, and stood over it, thrusting at it with the poker until it was burnt to ashes." Such was the memorable occurrence, on

the authority of an eye-witness; and many other hardly less curious incidents, not always so well authenticated, however, give vivacity to the pages of this practised narrator of interesting things. A few more pictures (four of the colleges, including Pembroke and Jesus, having none) would not have come amiss; nor would an index to the book's treasures have been superfluous.

"Old authors to read." The habit of reading, which Gibbon declared he "would not exchange for the wealth of the Indies," has become so inveterate with Mr. George Hamlin Fitch, endeared to all readers of the San Francisco "Chronicle," as to make him an excellent authority on such a subject as "Comfort Found in Good Old Books"—the title to a collection of literary talks contributed to the above-named newspaper and now issued in tasteful book form by Paul Elder & Co. of San Francisco. The little volume is prefaced with a touching account of the sad occurrence that evoked it. The sudden death of an only and much-loved son sent the grief-stricken father to his tried and trusty old authors for consolation; and being asked by friends and correspondents to name these authors and indicate the peculiar excellences to be found in each, he has done so. Considerably less space than Dr. Eliot's five feet of shelving would hold the literary masterpieces he descants upon, and thus it is well within the power of everyone to whom the chapters are addressed to test for himself the comforting and cheering quality of these good old books. Few though the books themselves are, the wide range of Mr. Fitch's sympathies and tastes, and of his son's also, may be judged from his rather surprising assertion that "we enjoyed with equal relish Mascagni's 'Cavalleria,' led by the composer himself, or a championship prize-fight; Margaret Anglin's sombre but appealing Antigone or a funny 'stunt' at the Orpheum." The Bible, naturally enough, comes first in his book-list, and Shakespeare next. Of the latter he says, "Our knowledge of Shakespeare is terribly meagre," whereas, to our thinking, this meagreness of authenticated biographical detail is rather a cause for satisfaction than for terror or even regret, his works serving as the incomparable mirror of his mind and heart. Well-selected portraits, facsimile title-pages, and other appropriate illustrations adorn these well-considered chapters of a true book-lover.

Studies of behavior in animals. The experimental study of animal behavior is a new and very vital branch of scientific investigation. Its youth and vigor is indicated by the fact that a series of studies issued a dozen years ago now finds a more permanent record in connection with later papers, and that some apology is necessary for the less advanced and rigorous methods of the earlier work. Professor Thorndike's investigations on "Animal Intelligence" (Macmillan) are well worthy of reprinting. The volume forms a contribution of the first importance to the study of the animal mind.

The general conclusions of the study favor a considerable complexity of mental process, but not quite the complexity that the human mind is apt to read into animal behavior. The point is well illustrated by the psychology of imitation. The off-hand observer is quite convinced that all the higher animals imitate both one another and human patterns, and popular language has made the word "ape" a synonym for this trait. Science seems to discover in this assumption either a vague tradition or a jump at a conclusion; for cases of genuine imitation are at least rare even in so intelligent a creature as the monkey. The facts of animal behavior, the stimuli to which the animal really responds, and the play of thought and motives which really induce the response, are difficult to determine. Reasoning backward from the bare evidence of observable conduct to the process by which the result was accomplished is still more uncertain; and here appear the pitfalls set for human reason, lay and expert alike. A perusal of Professor Thorndike's book will inform the reader as to the delicacy of the thought-processes both of the animal mind and the human mind in interpreting the procedure of the former. In addition, the work illustrates admirably the methods of comparative psychology equally applicable to man and the higher animals.

First aids to the student of psychology. The various aids to the learning of psychology naturally make slight appeal to the general public, however important to the student and the teacher. Textbooks in psychology have not yet reached that settled stage in which traditions are fixed, and refinements of method and elaborations of detail are alone significant. Fundamental principles, both of theory and of presentation, are still in the tentative stage, and as a consequence a considerable variety of divergent texts are now in use. To these a further contribution is made by Prof. Robert M. Yerkes (Holt). Professor Yerkes has made a readable and in some ways an original book. Those teachers of psychology who believe in the emphasis of analysis and yet accompany this with a large range of concrete observations, both experimental and occasional, and who further agree with the perspective of value which Professor Yerkes assigns to the several main topics, will find his text acceptable and helpful. This comment does not dismiss the work with faint praise, but merely calls attention to the limited general interest of the book, as well as its limited availability, unless one is at the outset committed to this mode of approach to a complex subject. Doubtless the book will find its way to classes and to instructors sympathetic with Professor Yerkes's perspective of the mental life. None the less, a general fault is manifest in the first hundred pages, which confuse the student by instructing him in far too great detail in regard to the intentions of the teacher and the methods to which the student will be subjected. In the hands of a judicious teacher, the book will prove serviceable.

NOTES.

It is reported that M. Maeterlinck has recently finished work on a "historical fairy-play," which will be produced in London some time next year.

Miss Edith Sichel, well known for her biographies of Lafayette, Catherine de Medici, and others, is the author of a life of Montaigne, just announced by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The books of Mr. George A. Birmingham, an Irish writer who has achieved something of a reputation in his own land, are to be published in this country by the George H. Doran Co.

Miss Mary Johnston is at work upon a new novel, to be entitled "Cease Firing." This will complete the story of the Civil War which she left with the death of Stonewall Jackson in "The Long Roll."

Mr. Francis Gribble will continue his series on the love affairs of famous persons with a volume entitled "The Romantic Life of Shelley, and its Sequel," soon to be published by the Messrs. Putnam.

It has been announced that "The Journal of a Recluse," which attracted considerable attention upon its anonymous publication a year or two ago, is the work of Miss Mary Fisher, a St. Louis writer.

"The Eleventh Hour in the Life of Julia Ward Howe" is the title of a book of intimate recollections of her mother that Mrs. Maud Howe has prepared for publication this month by Messrs. Little Brown & Co.

The only new novel written by Mr. Jeffery Farnol since the publication of "The Broad Highway," will be published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. in 1912, after it has appeared serially in "McClure's Magazine." It will be called "The Amateur Gentleman."

"Beethoven," by Mr. H. A. Rudell; "Purcell," by Dr. W. H. Cummings; "Mozart," by Dr. F. Gehring; and "English Church Composers," by Mr. W. A. Barrett, are new editions of works published by the Messrs. Scribner in their "Great Musicians" series.

A "Centennial Edition" of Forster's Life of Dickens, issued in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Dickens's birth, is announced for publication this month by the Baker & Taylor Co. Five hundred illustrations of persons and places connected with Dickens will form a special feature.

"The Dutch Republic and the American Revolution" is a John Hopkins monograph by Dr. Friedrich Edler, which traces an influence "mostly clandestine, or indirect," but "nevertheless remarkably effective" upon the course of affairs in the American colonies during the War of Independence.

Henri Bergson's study of "Laughter" is to be published soon by the Macmillan Co. The sub-title of the book, "An Essay on the Meaning of the Comic," gives a good idea of its character. The English translation was made with the author's permission by Messrs. Clarendon Brereton and Fred Rothwell.

Still another anthology of verse for children is under way for early publication. The compiler in this instance is Miss Jeanette Gilder, and her book (to be published by the Sturgis & Walton Co.) will be entitled "The Heart of Youth." Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett contributes an introduction to the volume.

Mrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson is preparing a memoir of her late husband, and asks the loan of letters written by him to friends and acquaintances. These letters will be promptly and carefully returned, intact.

Any characteristic anecdotes or reminiscences of Colonel Higginson will also be gratefully received. Mrs. Higginson should be addressed at 29 Buckingham St., Cambridge, Mass.

The publishers of Mr. George Fitch's volume of humorous college stories, "At Good Old Siwash," are offering \$50. in prizes for the best brief opinions of the book. Undergraduates and graduates of all colleges are invited to participate. Information regarding the contest may be obtained from Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Few books have made their appearance so precisely at the "psychologic moment" as Demetra Vaka's "In the Shadow of Islam," just published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. As readers of her "Haremlik" know, she has an unique knowledge of the intimacies of Turkish life, and her new novel is said to throw much light upon the present situation in Turkey.

The "timely" note in fiction is often struck, and struck effectively, by novelists who strive for immediate popular success. Such timeliness, whether designed or accidental, conspicuously marks M. Paul Adam's new novel, "La Ville Inconnue," which presents a supposed episode in the European conquest of Africa out of which has arisen the present Moroccan difficulty.

The beginnings of Lapland literature — for literature in Lapland seems hitherto to have held much the same place as that occupied by snakes in Ireland — are to be hailed in a book said to have been written by a veritable Laplander, one Johan Olafson Turi, a hunter who cheers the solitude of his long and arduous hunting expeditions in winter by composing poems and sketches descriptive (we infer) of his hyperborean experiences. One cannot but hope that he will find a publisher, if he has not already done so, for these first-fruits of his pen, since they must be rather out of the ordinary. An English translation is awaited with interest.

"A Concordance to the Poems of Wordsworth," soon to be issued in this country by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., will be the second volume published under the auspices of the American Concordance Society. It represents several years of devoted industry on the part of Professor Lane Cooper, of Cornell University. The magnitude of the work and the amount of labor entailed by it may be realized when it is known that it requires a quarto volume of 1136 double-columned pages to embody the results. The Concordance is based on Mr. Hutchinson's "Oxford" edition of Wordsworth, but also includes variations, anomalous passages, and poems from private or divergent sources such as "The Letters of the Wordsworth Family," and the Newell-Smith and the "Eversley" editions of Wordsworth.

The October number of "The Yale Review" begins a new series and initiates a new career for that publication. Under the management of a trust association of Yale graduates, the Review will hereafter be published as a general quarterly modelled on the admirable publications of that class in England. Such a publication, contemporary in its interests, authoritative in its presentations, and devoted to serious criticism of life and letters, will be almost alone in the field in this country, and there is every reason to hope that it will succeed. The first number of this new series argues at least that it deserves success. A study of war from the vigorous and trenchant pen of the late Professor Sumner, articles on Thackeray and Fogazzaro, a study of present dramatic conditions and tendencies by Profes-

sor William Lyon Phelps, two poems of decided merit, and an admirable book review department, are the prominent features of the number.

Huth books for the British Museum have been selected from the Huth collection, in accordance with the terms of the will, and embrace a goodly number of the rarest treasures in early printed works, which would probably bring as much as a quarter of a million dollars if offered for sale with the rest of the famous library. Among the items chosen by the Museum authorities are to be noted such rarities as Caxton's "Dictiones and Sayings of the Philosophers" (1477), "The Tragical Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in English by Ar. Br." (1562), Daye's "Daphnis and Chloe" (1587), and the exceedingly rare Shakespearian quarto, "Richard the Second," in its first and anonymous edition of 1597. Only one other copy of this last is known to exist, in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. The mere list (it is of some length) of these treasures now acquired by the British Museum is enough to drive a bibliophile frantic with desire.

A number of contributions, scientific and inspirational, to the study of Jesus are announced for early publication by the American Unitarian Association. In the "Theological Translation Library" there will appear "Christ: The Beginning of Dogma," an historical discussion of the rise of what was the first dogma in the primitive church, by Dr. Johannes Weiss; "The Historical Jesus and the Theological Christ," a popular account of modern New Testament criticism and its findings, by Professor J. Estlin Carpenter; "The Public Ministry of Jesus," a short account taken from the Four Gospels, by Mr. Horace Davis; and a new and enlarged edition of Dr. Joseph Crooker's "Supremacy of Jesus." The Association will also publish "The Heredity of Richard Roe," a short discussion of Eugenics, by President David Starr Jordan; "The Onward Cry," by Rev. Stopford Brooke; "A Minister of God," by Dr. John Hamilton Thom; and "Thoughts for Daily Living," a compilation from the writings of Dr. Robert Collyer, edited by Miss Imogen Clark.

Among the important books soon to be published by the Columbia University Press are "Social Evolution and Political Theory," by Professor L. T. Hobhouse of the University of London; "Scientific Features of Modern Medicine," by Professor Frederic S. Lee of Columbia; and "Medieval Story," a study of the beginnings of social ideals as seen in the early stories current among the English-speaking people, by Professor William W. Lawrence. Forthcoming volumes in the "Columbia University Studies in English" are: "The Soliloquies of Shakespeare," by Dr. Morris LeRoy Arnold; "Mathew Carey, Editor, Author, and Publisher," by Dr. Earl L. Bradsher; "The Exemplum in the Early Religious and Didactic Literature of England," by Dr. Joseph A. Mosher; "The Middle English Penitential Lyric," by Dr. Frank A. Patterson; "New Poems of King James I. of England," by Dr. Allan F. Westcott; and "A Study of Thomas Dekker," by Dr. Mary Leland Hunt. In the "Columbia University Studies in Romance Philology" will appear "The Symbolism of Voltaire's Novels," by Dr. William R. Price, and "Ata Particular Substantives in Romance Languages," by Dr. L. Herbert Alexander; and in the "Studies of Comparative Literature," a volume dealing with "Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction," by Mr. Samuel Lee Wolff.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 234 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY

The Life of Bret Harte. With Some Account of the California Pioneers. By Henry Childs Merwin. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 362 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3. net.

Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar: A Memoir. By Moorfield Storey and Edward W. Emerson. With portrait, 12mo, 355 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

As I Remember: Recollections of American Society During the Nineteenth Century. By Marion Gouverneur. Illustrated, 8vo, 415 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2. net.

J. L. M. Curry: A Biography. By Edwin Anderson Alderman and Armistead Churchill Gordon. With portrait, 12mo, 488 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.

Napoleon and his Coronation. By Frédéric Masson; translated by Frederick Cobb. Illustrated, 8vo, 350 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50 net.

My Own Story. By Luisa, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony; translated under the supervision of the author. Illustrated, 8vo, 367 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion. By Colonel Elbridge J. Copp. Illustrated, 8vo, 536 pages. Nashua, N. H.: Telegraph Publishing Co.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. By Graham Balfour. Abridged edition; 18mo, 364 pages. (Uniform with the "Biographical Edition" of Stevenson's Works.) Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.

HISTORY

The Relations of the United States and Spain: The Spanish-American War. By Rear-Admiral French Ensor Chadwick. In 2 volumes, with maps, 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7. net.

Pioneer Irish of Onondago, about 1776-1847. By Therese Bannan. M. D. 8vo, 333 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.20 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE

Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett. Edited by Anne Fields. With portraits, 12mo, 259 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

Old Lamps for New. By E. V. Lucas. With frontispiece, 16mo, 258 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

The American Dramatist. By Montrose J. Moses. Illustrated, 8vo, 350 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50 net.

The Tudor Drama: A History of the English National Drama to the Retirement of Shakespeare. By C. F. Tucker Brooke. Illustrated, 12mo, 474 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00 net.

Letters from Parkman to Squier. Edited, with biographical notes and bibliography, by Don C. Seitz. Limited edition; 8vo, 58 pages. The Torch Press. \$1.50 net.

The Belmont Book. By Vados; with introduction by Arnold Bennett. 12mo, 286 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, and A Song of Liberty. By William Blake; with introduction by Francis Griffin Stokes. 12mo, 79 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Love and Letters. By Frederic Rowland Marvin. 8vo, 252 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.50 net.

In Cambridge Bocks: Being the Vacation Thoughts of a Schoolmistress. By Mary Taylor Blauvelt. 8vo, 186 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.20 net.

The Friendship of Books. Edited, with introduction, by Temple Scott. Illustrated, 16mo, 246 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Thais: A Play in Four Acts. By Paul Willstach. Illustrated, 12mo, 150 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1. net.

The Overture, and Other Poems. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher. 12mo, 203 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

The Inn of Dreams. By Olive Custance. 18mo, 74 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

New Poems. By Stephen Coleridge. 12mo, 38 pages. The Torch Press. 75 cts. net.

FICTION

Hilda Lessways. By Arnold Bennett. 12mo, 533 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.

The Fruitful Vine. By Robert Hichens. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 524 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.40 net.

Jane Dawson. By Will N. Harben. Illustrated, 12mo, 364 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.30 net.

Vagabond City. By Winifred Boggs. With frontispiece, 392 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

In the Shadow of Islam. By Demetra Vaka. Illustrated, 8vo, 318 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

"Son." By Ethel Train. 16mo, 290 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.20 net.

The Believing Years. By Edmond L. Pearson. 12mo, 303 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

Captain Warren's Wards. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Illustrated, 12mo, 380 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.30 net.

The Man in the Brown Derby. By Wells Hastings. Illustrated, 12mo, 346 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25 net.

I Fasten a Bracelet. By David Potter. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 273 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.

The Man Who Could Not Lose, and Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated, 12mo, 254 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

The Incorrigible Dukane. By George C. Shedd. Illustrated, 12mo, 259 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25 net.

Love in a Little Town. By J. E. Buckrose. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 360 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

The Marriage Portion. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. 12mo, 424 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.35 net.

The Loser Pays. A Story of the French Revolution. By Mary Openshaw. 12mo, 346 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25 net.

The Knight Errant. By Robert Alexander Wason. Illustrated, 12mo, 398 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25 net.

The Lifted Latch. By George Vane. 12mo, 376 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

The Dempsey Diamonds. By Allen Arnot. 12mo, 328 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

Stellar's Roomers. By Stella Carr. 8vo, 283 pages. Brandu's. \$1.25 net.

The Mating of Anthea. By Arabella Kenealy. 12mo, 352 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

The Harlequin Set. By Dion Clayton Calthorp. 18mo, 255 pages. John Lane Co. \$1. net.

Across the Latitudes. By John Fleming Wilson. Illustrated, 12mo, 376 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 net.

The Red Swan's Neck: A Tale of the North Carolina Mountains. By David Reed Miller. 8vo, 328 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.35 net.

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